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THE STATEMENT of seven Democratic leaders pledging the cooperation of their party with Mr. Hoover and with the Republicans in Congress "in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country" leaves us fairly calm. Had it come before the elections its sincerity could not have been challenged. There might not have been a pro-Democratic upheaval on November 4 if the voters had known that a few days later the Democrats were to pledge themselves to cooperate with the very Republican office-holders in whom the voters expressed their lack of confidence. Obviously, the Democrats have placed party welfare before the welfare of the country. If they had actually believed that the Republicans, with their cooperation, could restore prosperity, why did they not urge the election of Republicans instead of Democrats? Do the Democratic leaders want their party to swallow the Republican prosperity-restoration program whole, or do they believe they can persuade the Republicans to modify that program to suit the Democrats? If the former is the case, they have betrayed the voters of the country; if the latter is true, then we shall have, not cooperation, but continuation of the party struggle. Or perhaps the Democratic leaders were looking toward 1932. If prosperity has returned by then, the Democrats can point to this statement and say, "We helped; the Republicans have no monopoly on prosperity," thus shifting the 1932 campaign to other issues on which the Democrats will have a better chance of success. Should the depression continue, the Democratic leaders can say that even with their cooperation the Republicans could not bring prosperity back; hence the Republicans should be turned out and the Democrats given an opportunity to see what they can do.

THE FAILURE OF THE POWER TRUST to defeat a single one of the candidates who have been fighting for public control of the country's power resources was the most immediately satisfying result of the elections. In Nebraska the electric-power interests did everything they could to prevent George W. Norris from returning to the Senate; in wet Montana the dry Senator Thomas J. Walsh was reelected primarily on this issue; in Pennsylvania the wholesale desertion of Republican leaders friendly to the public-utility interests could not defeat Gifford Pinchot for the governorship; and in New York Franklin D. Roosevelt, another champion of public control, was reelected governor by an unprecedented plurality. Elsewhere foes of the power trust were victorious: Wilbur L. Cross as Governor of Connecticut; Julius L. Meier as Governor of Oregon; Huey P. Long as Senator from Louisiana; James Couzens as Senator from Michigan; Philip La Follette as Governor of Wisconsin; Floyd B. Olson as Governor of Minnesota; and O. B. Lovette as Congressman from Tennessee. This last victory was particularly important. Lovette ran as an Independent Republican on a platform advocating government ownership and management of Muscle Shoals. His opponent was B. Carroll Reece, the only Congressional candidate indorsed by President Hoover, the indorsement being based upon Reece's opposition to government management of Muscle Shoals.

SOMETHING NEW in occasions for thanksgiving! From President Hoover's proclamation we learn: "We have been blessed with distinctive evidence of Divine favor. As a nation, we have suffered far less than other peoples from the present world-difficulties." Of course we became used to special Divine attentions during the war; for it is a well-known historical fact that the Deity plays favorites during such periods of unpleasantness, and some of our professional divines, we well recall, used to spend their time getting God on our side. But it has remained for the great engineering mind in the White House to discover the special peace-time predilections of Providence. We had not known before why "world-wide depression," which in slightly different garb has now made its way even into a Thanksgiving proclamation, has been less unkind to us than to our neighbor nations. Doubtless this special favor will, as the President hopes, cause our unemployed to "give thanks for our institutions," which must surely be responsible for God's treating us better than anyone else. It can scarcely be due just to our good looks or our unparalleled virtues, preeminent as they undoubtedly are in the world.


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GRACE ABBOTT, chief of the Children's Bureau, is being urged as a possible successor to James J. Davis as Secretary of Labor. It would be good to see a fraternal glad-hander and labor politician like the present Secretary succeeded by a person of Miss Abbott's quality, training, and experience. A native of the Middle West, long a resident of Hull House, with legal training and wide experience as secretary of the Immigrants' Protective League before entering government service, Miss Abbott has made a record of solid achievement during her thirteen years' work with the Children's Bureau. That bureau has done much both directly and by cooperation with the States in reducing the death-rate of mothers and children, in extending birth registration, in improving juvenile-court laws, in extending mothers'-pension legislation, and in promoting other activities affecting the welfare of children. The work of the bureau has grown solidly year by year, and Miss Abbott has piloted it successfully through the shoals of legislative niggardliness and executive hostility. It would be a pleasing change to have as Secretary of Labor, not a politician trying to use his office to influence public opinion in favor of his party, but an intelligent woman using the wide powers of her position to assemble and report the great body of information needed for intelligent action on labor questions, and to shape and administer wisely the growing body of national legislation required in the interest of labor.

APPARENTLY even the Federal Farm Board may not be criticized, or at least not by small-town newspapers. Robert Rice, editor and owner of the *Republican*, a weekly newspaper published in Central City, Nebraska, a town of 2,410 population, has been cited for investigation by the Farm Board and the Post Office Department, according to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. The reasons for the investigation are not hard to find. Mr. Rice has been openly critical of some of the acts of the Farm Board. He has accused the board of injuring instead of helping the farmer, has charged that its crop-limitation program has depressed farm land values, and has asserted that it has impressed county agents into service as recruiting officers for various farm cooperative interests. The *Journal of Commerce* states that the Farm Board "has been stung so deeply by the hornet-like activities of the Central City *Republican* that it wants to make a horrible example of what may happen to the business of a country paper if it dares to criticize such a sacrosanct organization as the Farm Board. One wonders why the board has not called to order some great and wealthy newspaper critic of its behavior, instead of jumping on a little small-town weekly." We had thought this sort of tyrannical censorship had passed out with Postmaster General Burleson. It is but another example of the idea of lese majeste which Mr. Hoover and his Administration are trying to put across.

THE PREPARATORY COMMISSION, which is once more meeting at Geneva ostensibly to agree upon a program for a general disarmament conference, appears to be running true to form. It began with the refusal of its chairman to allow an official French translation of an English speech by Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Foreign Minister, to be made at once, as the rules required, on the ground that it had been decided to have no general discussion. Thereupon the sixty press correspondents present rose in a body and left the hall as a protest against being deprived of an opportunity to report a speech delivered in a language which most of them do not understand. It has been agreed, for the moment at least, to limit the number of naval officers and men, but when Germany asked for a strict limitation of the number of trained military reserves the proposal was promptly and emphatically turned down, although a limitation of the periods of service was later voted. As Russia has called for disarmament all along the line, and Germany sees little use in limiting standing armies unless reserves are also included, the further interest of these two Powers in the conference will apparently be merely formal. Meantime Hugh S. Gibson, American Ambassador to Belgium, has been trying to induce Italy and France to come to some agreement about naval parity, but if he has had any actual success it has been kept carefully out of the news. What with the demand for treaty revision, the new Greco-Turkish rapprochement, a Bulgarian-Italian royal marriage, and an alarming spread of fascism, one suspects that most of the delegates who are talking disarmament are thinking war.

A GIANT POOL has been formed by six great British shipping companies operating in the North Atlantic trade. The Cunard, White Star, Anchor, Red Star, Canadian Pacific, and Atlantic Transport Lines, operating fifty-two ships valued at $275,000,000, have entered into an agreement whereby their sailings are arranged practically as a unit, and during the slack winter months only four British ships will sail weekly for New York against the twelve of the summer months. According to the *Daily Herald*, even closer working arrangements among the six companies are contemplated. Ever since the merging of the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line last year there have been reports of British amalgamations which were stoutly denied by officials of the British companies. The facts of the business situation, however, and particularly the falling-off in the passenger trade due to business depression have been too strong for the determination of Britain's shipping lords each to paddle his own canoe. The present announcement may be only the precursor of a practically unified operation of the great fleets affected, even though the companies retain entirely separate financial and operating organizations. If the North Atlantic shipping of each great country comes to be managed essentially as a single unit, we may be faced with interesting new problems in the way of international competition in ocean trade.

THE INTERNATIONAL CARTEL has been one answer to related questions in some other lines. André François-Poncet, French Undersecretary of State for National Economy, recently declared that the only sound remedy for Europe, particularly France, in the present industrial crisis lay in international economic ententes; for tariff walls are mutually self-defeating. Some cartels have failed because they were unsound, he maintains, but he asserts that international agreements in rails, machinery, wire, steel tubes, sleeping-cars, and chemicals have proved their worth. M. François-Poncet is inclined, we think, to take a rather rosy view of cartel possibilities under conditions of stress, but his conclusion is none the less arresting: "One certainty emerges from the present trial through which we are passing,

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and that is that unless the various nations submit to reasoned organization, the amazing progress of science which we are now witnessing will plunge us into the darkness from which it originally took us." "Reasoned organization" is a large order for an economic life that has become interdependent from Kamchatka to Timbuktu and Valparaiso. Some American business men, even if no American Presidents, are beginning to suspect that it means more than the higgledy-piggledy of "rugged individualism," 1930 model.

AUSTRIA'S PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS settled nothing but the political fate of Prince Ernst Starhemberg, the Heimwehr leader. The Prince, who had visions of erecting a fascist government by constitutional means, was rewarded with only 8 seats out of 165 in the new parliament. Whether he will now carry out his original threat of capturing the government by force may be seriously questioned; it does not appear likely that he will attempt a coup in the face of election returns showing him and his Heimwehr party to be almost wholly without popular support. On the other hand, the parliamentary question remains in deadlock and a new election may soon be necessary. The Social Democrats gained only a single seat and are still eleven short of a majority. The Christian Socialist Party, which is perhaps as reactionary as Starhemberg's fascists, lost seven seats, most of these going to the Economic group, led by former Chancellor Johann Schober, which won nineteen. Until last September the Christian Socialists were able to maintain a majority government with the support of several of the smaller parties which now adhere to the Economic group. These parties appear to have cut themselves off definitely from the Christian Socialists, with the result that the latter cannot hope to come back into power as a majority government. It may be that the Social Democrats, as the largest group in parliament, will be permitted to set up a minority cabinet with Schober's help, but such a government cannot expect to live long under the inevitable sniping from the right.

THE GUIDO SERIO CASE, one of the worst of recent alien-deportation cases, is still pending, but Serio will go back to Italy and to his death if the Department of Labor has its way. Serio was arrested last May after a speech at Erie, Pennsylvania, in which he was alleged to have denounced Mussolini and the Pope and to have declared his willingness to lead the workers against the American government in the event of another war. For this the immigration authorities adjudged him an anarchist, held him in $25,000 bail, and eventually ordered him returned to Italy notwithstanding that his anti-Fascist activities would almost certainly send him to a firing squad. On an appeal to the federal District Court in New York for an order permitting him to leave the country voluntarily (he was prepared to go to Russia), Judge Bondy deferred judgment until the Department of Labor should have an opportunity to exercise what he called "a little common sense," but the Board of Review has refused to change the administrative decision. As to what might happen to Serio if the Italian government once got its hands on him, the department officials appear to have shown only a cold-blooded indifference. "Whatever may be the result of the alien's deportation to Italy," the government record reads, "is beyond the scope of this inquiry." There is still a chance that Serio may escape, for the case is still before the court on a habeas corpus proceeding, and Judge Bondy has stated that legal action can be brought against the deportation by a departmental order instead of by the courts.

"A FRONTAL ATTACK upon the evils of Jim Crowism" is the way the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People describes its contemplated campaign for civil rights for the Negro. Suits are to be instituted simultaneously in various parts of the country to establish the Negroes' right to vote, to be given equal educational opportunities and equal accommodation on public carriers with whites, and to own and occupy property irrespective of its location in a "white" neighborhood. Nathan R. Margold, former Assistant United States Attorney in New York, and legal adviser on Indian affairs to the Institute for Government Research, has been retained by the N. A. A. C. P. to direct the movement He will endeavor, not only by the lawsuits themselves, but by publicity about them and by figures showing the economic and political status of the Negro in the United States, to conduct a wide campaign of education and enlightenment, both for Negroes and for whites, and he will have the aid and counsel of the National Committee of the association, which includes Arthur B. Spingarn, James Marshall, and Charles H. Studin of New York, Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, T. C. Nutter of Charleston, West Virginia, and Clarence Darrow. Such a campaign must be of inestimable benefit toward the desirable end of improving the status of the Negro in this country.

A SOLDIER WHO WORKED FOR PEACE—that is the distinguishing feature in the distinguished military career of General Tasker H. Bliss, who has just died at the age of seventy-three. His military associates—the Secretary of War, General Pershing, General Summerall—pay tribute to his great powers of organization, his statesman-like qualities, his long and valuable public service in affairs other than military as well as to his unusual gifts as a soldier. He had been president of the Army War College, commandant of a division in the Philippines, Chief of Staff, and member of the Supreme War Council in the World War. But it was as a man of peace that he transcended even his military distinctions. As a member of the American Commission to the Peace Conference at Versailles, all his influence was used for disarmament, for peace instead of war. He was preaching disarmament in 1920 as a cure for the jealousies that divided the victors after the war; he was preaching it almost ten years later, when the Kellogg pact had been signed. He honestly believed that in the ten years since the war the world had changed. "All this talk of disarmament," he said, "is because the people are demanding to be relieved of their burden." There will be many cynics to dispute this optimism, to say that the world is as near war as it has ever been. But it is a pity that there are not more military men who share General Bliss's point of view. For though a military man, he did not have a military mind, that mind which divides peoples, pursues rivalries, sets nation against nation—in order that the profession of arms may not perish from the earth!

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# The Revolt Against Hoover

PROGRESSIVES and liberals may take heart from the great protest registered by the voters of the country on November 4. They will find much encouragement in the sharp but well-deserved rebuke administered to Mr. Hoover, who came into power two short years ago as the high priest of prosperity, but whose promised miracles have dwindled to a timid and stupid defense of the status quo. They should find more encouragement in the fact that despite the widespread apathy of the public toward politics, the spirit of protest still lives and can when necessary express itself decisively at the polls; without this potential capacity for protest among the voters there could be no dependable foundation upon which to base a genuine progressive or liberal movement. More immediately important, however, is the probability that the new Congress will enact a good deal of progressive legislation which the reactionaries of the old Congress succeeded in stifling by means of their numerical superiority in the House.

It was a revolt similar to the one of November 4 that two decades ago ushered in the Sixty-second Congress, one of the most progressive Congresses in the history of the country when measured by the volume of enlightened legislation it adopted. There is some hope that this performance may now be repeated in the Seventy-second Congress. It is not only conceivable but probable that the Democrats of the new Congress will work with the Middle Western Republicans toward this end. That is what happened after the 1910 revolt, the result of conditions remarkably like those obtaining prior to the Democratic successes of this year. Business was bad, as it is at present; the workers were suffering, not so much from unemployment as from low wages and high prices; the farmers were complaining of the high cost of implements and supplies; the government was being administered by a weak and vacillating President surrounded by self-seeking political advisers; and, of foremost importance, tariff rates had just been revised upward (after the Republicans in the 1908 campaign had promised downward revision) in the Payne-Aldrich tariff act, which was as notoriously unsound and unpopular as the Grundy-Smoot tariff legislation of 1930. A nation-wide protest against this state of affairs brought a Democratic Congress into power in the 1910 elections. Unfortunately—just as now—the Democratic Party was not noted for its progressivism, but a sufficient number of Democratic members joined with the Middle Western progressives in putting through most of the proposed laws and reforms in the progressive program, which included popular election of United States Senators, the income tax, popular control of the judiciary, larger social control of public utilities, direct nominations for political offices, and increased popular control in the election of delegates to State and national conventions. If the parallel is carried through in the Seventy-second Congress, there is every hope that we shall see legislation enacted abolishing lame-duck sessions of Congress, extending public control of power and other utility interests, reforming the federal judiciary, correcting the evils of the injunction system, establishing federal employment offices and adopting other measures to check growing unemployment, and perhaps also revising the tariff drastically downward.

Obviously, success for a legislative program of this character would add greatly to the burdens and woes of the supersensitive Mr. Hoover. His discomfiture over his patent failure in the Presidency (assuming that a man of his cleverly advertised intelligence should be aware that he has failed) and over the nation-wide repudiation of himself and his shabby management of the country's affairs must be already hard to bear. It would be enough to make the most hard-boiled and thick-skinned of politicians squirm. Yet Mr. Hoover has only himself to blame. Sweeping promises of clearly dubious validity were made on his behalf two years ago. He was to work miracles, to usher in a new era. He himself promised to hasten "the day when poverty will be banished from this nation." But, alas, this is not an era of miracles, nor is Herbert Hoover a worker of miracles. Indeed, his record reveals him as a man of weakness and timidity, a man who will stoop to the cheapest sort of politics, as he did in the appointment of Judge Parker, and who will not stand by his own convictions but prefers to swallow them in the most humiliating manner at the command of his party subordinates, as he did when he accepted the 1930 tariff bill (and thereby, incidentally, wiped out the last hope of the people that he was to be the great economic statesman). Probably the hard times would in any event have caused a weakening of the Republican hold on Congress. But that the elections turned out to be a disaster for the Administration party was entirely due to Mr. Hoover's false optimism, his lack of initiative, and his seeming inability to grasp the magnitude of the problem before the country. His pratings about the nobility of American institutions and the fundamental soundness of the business structure at a time when business is languishing and millions of workers and their dependents are in desperate want must also have lost him and his party many costly votes.

The President cannot hope to find much comfort in the fact that after all a number of Republicans were also elected. Many of these men openly disowned him and his policies in their campaigns, and some of them campaigned on anti-prohibition platforms that presage further trouble for Mr. Hoover in 1932. It should be clear by now that the Eastern Republicans are irrevocably hostile to prohibition. Mr. Hoover cannot win in 1932 without their support, and it appears doubtful that he can gain their support unless he unequivocally embraces the wet cause. However, by doing so he is certain to lose the following of the inalienable drys of the Western Republican ranks. There are already many rumblings, growing in volume, of a split within the party on this question two years hence. Thus, in addition to the loss of Congress and to the probability that he must face a barrage of progressive legislation next year, a more serious difficulty arises to plague him. While the prospect of a split is by no means assured, it has cast gloom over the Republicans and made the Democrats more hopeful. What it might profit the progressives lies largely with the progressives themselves to decide.

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# Lame-Duck Nuisance

WE wonder how many times the antique provision of the federal Constitution which keeps an old Congress going for months after a new Congress has been elected will have to be pointed out before the country which suffers from it will bestir itself to change it. The present situation affords a peculiarly good illustration of the predicament in which our outgrown electoral system regularly lands us. There has just been a biennial contest involving the election of the entire membership of the House of Representatives and one-third of the membership of the Senate. The result of the election has been to cut down the former Republican majority in the Senate to a single vote, while in the House the Republicans can muster a majority of two only by counting as one of themselves an Independent Republican whose position in that body on public questions remains to be shown. The election also shows a marked increase in the number of members of Congress who are opposed to prohibition and favor some radical change in the system.

One would expect, in a government organized on supposedly rational principles, that an election which made so radical a change in the balance of parties in the national legislature, and obviously carried with it an emphatic rebuke and warning to the Administration, would shortly be reflected in the organization and work of Congress. Unfortunately, the American constitutional system is entirely irrational at this point. The old Congress, with a Republican control in both houses which the voters have condemned and repudiated, holds on unshaken until March 4, 1931, or four months after a national expression of lack of confidence. What is worse, the new Congress, made up, save for the two-thirds hold-over in the Senate, of men and women whom the voters have approved, will not and cannot meet until the first Monday in December, 1931, unless Mr. Hoover, who can count upon vastly less support from it than from the old one, chooses to summon it for an early session. The country has spoken at the polls, but the old regime that has been condemned has still four months in which to "fix things up" for the embarrassment of its successor, and Mr. Hoover will have nine months thereafter in which he may go ahead without any Congress at all.

This, it may be observed, is what is known in the United States as popular representative government. It is the unique American method of giving form to the expressed will of the people. The evils of the system are patent and its injustice is great. Unless the present Congress rises to unprecedented heights of patriotic disinterestedness, we shall shortly enter upon four months of "lame-duck" politics. There will be legislation designed to continue Republican policies of which the country has just declared it has had too much, and legislation intended to accommodate Senators and Representatives who will be having their last chance. The Administration, if it follows precedent, may be counted upon to cooperate by finding jobs for members who otherwise, after March 4, would be unemployed. Politically, the situation will be aggravated by uncertainty, lasting from four to thirteen months, regarding the party complexion of the new Congress when it actually meets, since death or resignation will be sure to make some changes in the present apparent membership. It will be heyday for the political machinists, and meantime the country must wait upon the moon.

If the final session of the Seventy-first Congress wishes to be held in grateful remembrance it will do what it can to make an end of this anomaly. There is before the House a resolution, originally introduced by Senator Norris, providing for the submission of a constitutional amendment changing the date of meeting of a Congress to January 4, and limiting the sessions to one each year. The adoption of this amendment would shorten to about sixty days the interval between an election and the opening session of the new legislature. The change would leave no opportunity for "lame-duck" legislation by a retiring Congress, and the possible changes in the membership of the houses through death or resignation could hardly be great. A defeated party would no longer have four months in which to circumvent its successful rival, and the country would not have to wait long months before the Congress it elected could act. Almost any President, we feel sure, would welcome the freedom from pressure for appointments which the change would give him. We should have, in short, a much nearer approach to real political responsibility than we have now, and that of itself would be likely to make voting seem more worth while. The Norris resolution should not fail of passage before the present Congress adjourns.

# India and Britain Meet

WITH the convening of the Round Table Conference in London, the problem of India once more directly confronts the British government. The actions of the government recently in India, the discussion of India in the British press, and the resolutions on this topic at the recent conference of the British Labor Party all make it abundantly clear that Great Britain will not yield without further struggle what Gandhi and the Congress Party are demanding.

Of the Indians who are attending the Round Table Conference it would seem that some—for example, the landlords—are merely trying to preserve their own vested interests; others are holding on to the British apron strings out of affection or timidity; some, like Mr. Jinnah, think that they are going to "pin the Britishers down to something definite"; and some think that one more appeal to British idealism will solve the problem. They are weak in that they have no solid common program to present to the British either at the conference or in the future if the conference fails. But the Indian delegates are all aware, and so are the British, that the power of the Indian case lies not in declamation or argument, but in the will of Gandhi and the Congress Party. The demands of the Indian delegates are now pitched fairly high, but they are what they are because Gandhi has made still higher demands and reinforced them with action. Whatever bargaining power the Indian delegates possess depends not on their own strength but on the strength of the little man in Yerovda jail. The possible threat of the Indian delegates which will carry most weight with the British will be: "If you do not do as we ask, we

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shall go back and join Gandhi." That, indeed, is the only threat available to most of them. It may not be made, but the possibility of it will be in people's minds. The Mohammedans can also threaten to make trouble for Britain among their coreligionists in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Persia, and Afghanistan, but that would be such an extended line of struggle that Britain could probably defeat or out-maneuver the Moslems one section at a time.

According to the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of September 19, V. S. Srinavasa Sastri, whom the British seem to respect more than any other of the Indian delegates, spoke on September 16 to the Manchester Luncheon Club about the forthcoming conference. He indicated that the Indian liberals were willing, though under protest, to allow the army in India to remain in British control. Then, referring to the new constitution for India to be enacted by Parliament after the Round Table Conference, he said:

> If the constitution bore upon its face the right stamp, and not one of inferiority but of equality with other peoples, they [the Indian delegates and the groups they directly represent] thought they would be able to answer for the future of India not only to themselves but to the British people from whom they took it over.

Did he mean by this that in a show-down the Indian liberals would support the government in its violent repression of the Congress men, or would only refuse all cooperation with them, or would merely try to persuade as many of them as possible to leave the Congress camp and accept the British scheme? Britain presumably would like to know the answer to these questions.

The Round Table Conference is undoubtedly designed, among other things, to enable the ruling class in England, as distinguished from the Labor Government, to estimate the character, inner dominant attitude, and purpose of those Indian spokesmen who are sufficiently attached to British rule to be willing later to try to work whatever political machinery Britain may now consider it wise to provide for India. It is intended further to help make the delegates more "reasonable," that is, pliable to British purposes. But judging from the public utterances of various members of the Indian delegation, it may possibly have the unintended effect of making the British realize how widely and deeply the desire for freedom has permeated all classes of Indians.

Prospects that any real agreement will come out of the conference are not bright. What the unrepresented Congress Party demands, the government will not and even cannot grant. If it yielded those demands it would fall over night. Yet those demands have wide support throughout India. If the Indian delegates, for the sake of agreement, content themselves with such relatively minor concessions as the government can safely grant, have they any ground for hoping that the Indians will accept their bargain? If, on the other hand, they return empty-handed, the outcome will only add so much to the arguments of the Congress Party. Meanwhile the struggle proceeds. A startling Associated Press dispatch on October 30 reported that 50,000 peasants in the Bardoli district (the scene of one of the most brilliantly successful of Gandhi's earlier non-violent campaigns) have left their homes rather than pay taxes. Though the British censorship tends to hide what is actually happening, the real struggle lies now, as it has lain from the beginning, not in London but in India.

# Sinclair Lewis

FOR the first time the Nobel Prize for Literature, carrying with it a large amount of fresh fame together with a stipend of some $46,000, has been awarded to an American citizen. And it is eminently just that the award should have been made, for this first time, to Sinclair Lewis. He is among the three or four best-known and most widely read American writers, both in the United States and abroad. His novels attain a very high standard of literary excellence. And more than any other writer of equal or lesser eminence he has set down the spirit of America.

The American culture of today is immensely self-conscious, worried about its own destiny, engaged incessantly in taking stock of itself, in counting its bathtubs and its motor cars and its radio sets. No other country in the world since history began has had a way of living so filled with overstuffed furniture, built-in dinettes, bridge lamps, and tiled kitchens. No other country has ever occupied itself so exclusively with the mechanical comforts of life, has ever laid such emphasis on a standardized, mechanically perfect, and easy-to-keep-clean existence. Other civilizations have bartered their immortal souls for an excess of riotous living, for beauty in the high places — at the expense of the low — or for other strange gods. In America our gods are Comfort and the Big Noise. And "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and "Elmer Gantry" are of the very essence of America.

Only a very considerable artist could see so piercingly, so relentlessly the elements of a civilization and have the craft to reproduce them in a novel. But anybody who has ever heard Mr. Lewis in the midst of one of his incomparable Babbittian monologues, when he was impersonating a Congressman just elected from Zenith to the national legislature, or a man from Vermont calling on the President of the United States, would know that along with his uncanny penetration, his incredible flow of language, and his ironical appreciation of the shortcomings of his countrymen goes a kind of inner sympathy and kinship with the worst of them. He can laugh at Babbitt because he knows just what a good-hearted, eager, perplexed fellow he is. He makes propaganda against him — against his stupidities, his lack of imagination, his brass, his absurd attempts at super-culture by radio or advertisements — and at the same time he makes propaganda for him — for his generosity, his gentleness, his childish simplicity. This is not by any means a totally searing picture of America; it is touching and humorous as well.

It is, however, a curious commentary on the value of propaganda literature, of which Mr. Lewis's novels are such a supreme and successful example, that his best book, both in his own opinion and in the opinion of most of his critics, is "Arrowsmith," more free from propaganda than any of the others. It is less the spirit of a nation than a first-rate novel, telling a moving and dramatic story. It is possible that the Swedish awarders of the Nobel prize concerned themselves less with the virtues of "Arrowsmith" than with the other books, so typically American, so descriptive of these strange people on the far side of the Atlantic. Yet one may venture to prophesy that it will be read when the others are read no longer, but serve merely as reference works for a vanished age.

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# *Chains Versus Independents*

# II. Chain Stores and the Community*

By EDWARD G. ERNST and EMIL M. HARTL

AS mass production has revolutionized American family life, so mass distribution is revolutionizing the community life of America. Not many years ago practically every retail business in our towns and cities was owned and operated by local capital and talent. It is not so today. In Anderson, South Carolina, a city of 14,500 people, twenty-three of the best business locations on Main Street have been turned over to out-of-town merchants. In Framingham, Massachusetts, six chain stores, lined up together, practically monopolize the best business district of the city. There is now but one independent department store left in Danville, Virginia, and several other lines of merchandise are controlled to about an equal extent by outside interests.

What does this shifting of our merchandising from the hands of local men into the hands of outside capital mean to the community at large? The local merchant generally owns his own home. The town in which he secures a livelihood for his family is his permanent home. He takes pride in his community's activities; he shows an active interest in the education and training of the youth of the town. He is considered one of the leading citizens, and is expected to lend his efforts toward the social, educational, and religious advancement of the community. As this loyal and energetic type of citizen is being driven out of his prominent position, another type of merchant takes his place.

The new man is a transient. He is merely a representative of a non-resident group of stockholders, who pay him according to his ability to line their pockets with silver. He can hardly be classed as a merchant. He is told exactly what to do and how to do it. He simply takes his orders and does his best to carry them out. The better able he is to carry out orders, the better are his chances of being transferred to a bigger town, and this is his chief ambition. On the other hand, if he is not good at taking and executing orders, he is likely to be demoted, or moved to a smaller town at a decrease in salary.

In our survey of ten cities we questioned thirty-four chain-store managers concerning the length of time they had occupied the positions they were then holding. In only eleven of the thirty-four cases was it more than four years, and in fourteen it was less than two years. Only two managers had been appointed to stores in their home towns, and two others had taken the risk of purchasing a home for themselves. Since the chain manager must be a puppet, he is hardly capable of becoming a leading citizen of any town. His interests are not with the people he serves, but in the financial returns of his store. Furthermore, his company prefers not to have him become too well acquainted. Bridge parties, ball games, and celebrations all have a tendency to distract one's attention from business. One requisite to success in modern business is that a man be married to his work. "Chain-store widows" are now beating time in every town. In Danville, Virginia, a manager was playing baseball with the city league under an assumed name in order to keep his company ignorant of his outside activities. A chain manager in Gulfport, Mississippi, repeatedly refused an invitation to join a lodge because it was against the policy of his company. During the entire survey we were able to find but two chain organizations which advised their managers to take an active, personal part in community affairs.

### Chains and Community Contributions

Until within the past two or three years the chain stores practically ignored all local demands for contributions. Now widespread agitation has forced the chains to take a different attitude and most of them are linking up with the local chambers of commerce and the community chests. Of the twenty-three chain stores in Anderson, South Carolina, only six have refused to join the chamber of commerce during the past year. This record, however, is not so important as it at first appears. In Shreveport, Louisiana, the amounts given to the chamber of commerce by both the chain stores and the independents range only from $25 to $100. Support of the chamber of commerce constitutes the sole community gift of most chains, while one independent was tapped to the extent of $2,000 for community contributions last year. A chain-store manager in the same city kept strict account of all charity demands made upon his store for the period of one year. He found that he had the opportunity of giving to more than two hundred causes. Being a mere chain puppet he was able to refer them to the head office in New York, where the matter was unceremoniously dropped. But an independent cannot escape so easily. He knows his customers and they know him. Moreover, he is interested in community affairs. He neither wishes to turn down the chance to contribute to a worthy cause nor is willing to risk his reputation in the community by so doing.

It is the policy of some chain stores to set aside a certain per cent of the sales for community cooperation. This ranges from one-fourth of one per cent to three-fourths of one per cent of the total sales. One manager informed us that though he was advised to give one-half of one per cent, he usually held back half of that in order to increase the net profits of his store, on which he received a commission. More commonly, however, the manager holds the quota until Christmas, when he gives it in the form of goods, thereby increasing his volume of business.

The problem of community cooperation is becoming increasingly a concern to chain-store officials. They are beginning to see their mistake in so merchandising retail stores as to make them of little more importance to the community than so many slot machines. From the social point of view something must be done to humanize chain-store methods or the community will lose its significance as a social unit.

* The second of a series of articles. The third, Chain Management and Labor, will appear in the issue of November 26.—Editor The Nation.

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### Do Chains Drain the Town?

The chain stores not only are condemned for driving the town's leading citizens out of business, but they are also accused of taking money from the community and depositing it in New York City. A common objection is that the chains do not own the property they use and are not paying their share of the taxes; of more importance still is the money they take out of town for the salaries of high-class superintendents, expert buyers, and presidents. On top of this is the net profit, which also seems to be going away from the local community.

First it must be recognized that at least seventy-five cents out of every dollar spent in a grocery store, whether it be a chain or an independent, must go out of town again for the purchase of more soap, potatoes, and sugar. No community can keep all of its money at home. To attempt such a policy would be suicide. What the local communities wish to prevent, however, is the exodus of money from the town to buy limousines for parasites in other cities.

We found the charge that "the chain stores do not own their business houses" was true in most cases. In fact, we found but two chains in ten localities which had purchased the property on which they conducted business. But this should be looked upon with great favor by local capital. If the chains do not own their property they must rent; and rent usually pays for the taxes with a fair profit for the owner of real estate. We found that the rents being paid by the chain stores today are much larger than the rents formerly paid by the independents who occupied the same locations, and larger also than the rents now being paid by adjoining independents.

The chain store does not enter a town unless it can get the location it wants. The organization is willing to pay higher rent than others for the best locations if long-time leases are available. In Newport, New Hampshire, a grocery chain forced an independent clothing store to move out of a desirable location by offering the landlord an increase in rent of $150 a month. In 1918 an independent druggist in Framingham, Massachusetts, was paying $80 a month rent. Since that time the frequent attempts of chain stores to acquire his corner have forced his rent to $375, which is out of all proportion to the increase of the city's business. Most independents cannot afford to pay the rents the chains are willing to pay. By securing long-term leases the chains can afford to take a loss in any store the first few years, provided the city is growing. A rent of $400 per month in 1930 might be more than business would warrant, but by 1940 the average town may have gained enough in population to increase greatly the value of business. The chain possessed of a thirty-year lease has twenty years in which to make up for the losses.

City taxes on merchandise have not always been properly adjusted to the chain stores. In Framingham, Massachusetts, the local merchants complained that they were being taxed $30 on every $1,000 worth of stock by the city, while their more prosperous competitors were exempt from all taxes except the State corporation tax. The city's share in this State tax is only fifty cents on $1,000 of stock. Thus the local merchants are contributing sixty times as much toward city expenses as are the chain stores. Many chains have been accused of misrepresenting the real value of their stock to the tax assessors. This is more frequently done in the grocery chains, where the local managers have no knowledge of the wholesale value of their merchandise. A guess is likely to be in favor of the company for which they work. A grocery chain in Greencastle, Indiana, sent in a valuation of $2,200 for two stores; the assessors raised the amount to $6,000, and no complaint was filed by the company.

Now what is to be said to the charge that "the chains take so much money out of town"? The local bankers testify that most of the money which has been deposited on Saturday night is drawn out on Monday morning. We talked to two bankers this summer who had refused to handle chain accounts because the chains never left a balance in the bank. It is estimated that it takes a balance of $800 in the bank at all times to pay for the handling of a chain-store account. It is now a common practice for banks to demand a balance of at least $1,000. This enables them to handle the chain accounts at a slight gain instead of at a loss. On the other hand, most of the bankers whom we interviewed agreed that the independents' accounts were not profitable either. The increasing insecurity of the local merchants can, however, be attributed to some extent to the incoming chains.

### Super-Organization and Net Profits

The largest part of the money taken out of the town by the chains goes to carry on the super-organizations. Every large institution, whether it be a church, a charity, or a business, needs its central organization, and the expense of this must be prorated to all the units it serves according to the amount of service rendered. In the grocery business this expense amounts to from 2½ to 3 per cent of the gross sales. In the clothing business and ten-cent stores the cost is about 5 per cent of the sales. This amount most certainly does go out of town and supports a host of business men who have no human interest in the problems of the community over which they exercise their power. Each separate, one-man grocery store thereby receives advice from one of the best-trained and most experienced business men in the country.

Does the work accomplished by the super-organization justify its existence? In the first place, we have already shown how it has eliminated the jobber and the traveling salesman. But this also is being done by the more progressive independents who have the capital and can buy for cash and in large quantities. However, there is still another function of the group of men supported by this 5 per cent. They have the power to press the producer and the manufacturer, a pressure which is visited in turn upon the working class in the form of reduced wages. It is in this way that this 5 per cent can eventually bring about the destruction of America's community life, and here lies the real significance of the charge of "taking money out of town." In other words, the super-organization spends most of its time and energy devising methods whereby the money can be taken away from the producer and then given back to him in the form of reduced prices for the consumer.

Another drain upon the local community is the net profit taken out by the chain stores, which ranges from 2½ per cent in the grocery business to 10 per cent in the clothing business. This amount is distributed to all parts of the country in the form of dividends on capital invested. Almost every community shares in some degree in the dividends of outside industry or business. The successful merchants of the ten localities we studied were investing their money in

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outside industries or depositing it with the local banker, who was making investments for them.

### The Lesson of the Chains

The chain stores have taught us the economy of large-scale distribution. The expense of the small independent is almost 15 per cent greater than that of the "big" independent, which is able to buy for cash and in large quantities. The consuming public can hardly afford to pay for this economic waste in order to give a few more men an occupation. Mass distribution is inevitable. Whether the bulk of the business will fall to local or outside interests remains to be seen; but it is now time to consider the respective values of the two methods.

The amount of capital necessary to operate an independent retail business on a sufficiently large scale to accomplish all necessary savings is becoming too large for one man to furnish. The owner of such a business is fortunate if he is able to keep the controlling interest. The remainder of the capital must be secured from successful citizens of the town, who buy shares with the expectation of receiving a fair financial return from their investment. To this class of men it matters little whether their 2 per cent profit comes from money invested in the coal mines of Colorado or in a grocery company in their own city. They spend the 2 per cent in much the same manner regardless of the source from which it comes. As long as a man has not a controlling interest he has little or nothing to say about the policies of the company in which he invests, and as soon as the company slacks up on dividends he is ready to withdraw his financial support. From the point of view of the shareholders, then, unless it is operated on a cooperative basis there is no special difference between the foreign-managed and the home-owned store. However, there is one advantage in the latter. That is the place of the proprietor in the community. He receives the same 2 per cent profit on his investment, but he also operates the store over which he exercises his control. He feels a responsibility toward his customers, as well as toward his financial backers. He cannot escape the human interest which is always present when a man is dealing with old acquaintances and friends. But it must be understood that in so far as the 2 per cent profit is concerned, this sum serves the community about as well when it is drawn as dividends from outside industries. The future solidarity of the American community is chiefly dependent upon the genuine interest of its entire citizenry. It can be achieved only as the men of the community realize that their past, present, and future are unconditionally wrapped up in the welfare of one group of people. It is only in this way that they can work together toward the realization of the highest human values.

# British Films Are Pure

By WILLIAM A. ROBSON

THE report for the year 1929 of the British Board of Film Censors is a very remarkable document. This body is itself deserving of note. It consists of representatives of the cinematograph trade and has no official status whatsoever. It has no legal powers of compulsion, but is, in practice, able to exercise an almost complete power of life and death over the vast mass of films which are produced to satisfy the ravenous demand of every class of the population. The president of the board is a veritable despot in the film world: the very absence of legal power and the unofficial character of his office serve to strengthen his position beyond measure. The cinema-licensing authorities, charged by Parliament to grant licenses "on such terms and conditions" as they may determine, have almost unanimously abdicated their function to the extent of including a condition in the license that only films which have been passed by the board shall be exhibited. The courts have approved this arrangement and declared it to be lawful provided the licensing authority reserves to itself a final right of review. But this reservation is of small moment. The cinema trade in this country is dominated throughout by the British Board of Film Censors.

In view of the fact that the cinema has become more popular than the church, more powerful than the press, more attractive than the theater, more international than literature, more wealth-producing than wireless, more ubiquitous than the post office, more unquestioned than the arm of the law, and more dangerous than all these other forces put together, it is important to observe the process and principles which determine what films may or may not be seen by the British public on its daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly pilgrimage to the pictures.

But first a word about the president of the board, the keystone of the arch. The president not only personally appoints his own examiners, but also has the final word in a dispute between one of those examiners and a film publisher. The last president was the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor, P.C., M.P., who served from 1917 until his death last year. During that long and important period of development the main lines on which film censorship now proceeds were formulated and defined. Mr. O'Connor, the report observes in referring to these principles,

> . . . was unquestionably a passionate advocate of the freedom of art, having immense faith in the even yet unexplored possibilities of the film. . . . So long as decorum was maintained, and so long as the subject was not one intended primarily for the study hall, the dissecting room, or a special theater, he deemed it would be treason to the duties of his position if he did not strive to obtain for the cinema the utmost liberty of expression. . . . While advocating this freedom, he was instrumental in establishing a code of standards of film censorship which have inspired confidence in the minds of local authorities in all parts of the country.

Mr. O'Connor's successor is the Right Honorable Edward Shortt, P.C., K.C., Home Secretary from 1919 to 1922 in the Coalition Government. Mr. Shortt, it is announced, has given careful thought to the established standards of the board and has "unhesitatingly come to the conclusion that it would be difficult to modify them with advantage." It

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will be his earnest endeavor, we are told, so to mold the standard of censorship as "to make the screen an instrument for good and to provide entertainment and amusement in the truest sense of the words."

With this in mind we can turn to the body of the report. Here we learn that during the year 7 films were totally rejected and exception was taken to a further 300. Of these, some 250 were certified after amendment or drastic alterations had been carried out.

The seven totally rejected films were turned down as being unsuitable for the following reasons: (a) habitual immorality; (b) a minister of religion in equivocal situations; (c) psychology of marriage as depicted by its physical aspects; (d) intimate biological studies unsuitable for public exhibition; (e) stories in which the criminal element is predominant; (f) indecorous dancing. The reasons for which exception was taken to the 300 films cannot be given *in extenso;* we can give only a few representative illustrations.

Under the heading "Political" we find: References to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; themes likely to wound the just susceptibilities of friendly nations. (Note the words "just" and "friendly." Is Russia "friendly"? or India? or Egypt?) White men in a state of degradation amidst Far Eastern and native surroundings. (Query: May white men be shown in a state of degradation amidst home surroundings? or natives among Far Western surroundings?) Equivocal situations between white girls and men of other races. (May we presume that unequivocal situations between white girls and "men of other races" are permitted, and equivocal situations between white men and girls of other races?) Inciting workers to armed conflicts. (This presumably prohibits any film depicting the Russian or French Revolutions or the Peasants' Revolt, but permits the Crusades, the fascist reaction, or any picture which incites only the leisured class or the aristocracy to armed conflict.)

Under the heading "Military": Conflicts between the armed forces of a state and the populace. (This clearly debars any representation of recent disturbances in India, even from inclusion in one of the Topical Gazette films.)

Under the heading "Administration of Justice": Soldiers and police firing on defenseless populace. (May soldiers be shown firing on an armed populace?) Incidents which convey false and derogatory impressions of the police forces in this country; objectionable prison scenes. (Does this mean that the censor will not stomach any scene which shows a prison to be an objectionable place? Surely even an ex-Home Secretary cannot require prisons to be shown as delightful institutions.)

Under the heading "Social": Girls and women in a state of intoxication; reflections on the medical profession; "orgy" scenes; hospital incidents treated flippantly; suggestive and indecorous dancing; nude and semi-nude figures; unseemly displays of women's underclothing; recurrent incidents of the attempted and successful deception and betrayal of innocent girls (note the words "recurrent" and "innocent"); scenes in, and connected with, houses of ill-repute; marital infidelity and collusive divorces; harem scenes; psychology of marriage as depicted by its physical aspects; indecorum of dress and behavior; scenes of puerperal pains; scenes in opium dens; pernicious scenes in the underworld of large cities; unacceptable vulgarity (unacceptable!).

Under the heading of "Sex": Themes indicative of habitual immorality, crude immorality (occasional or refined immorality is impliedly permitted); women in alluring and provocative attitudes; white-slave traffic; vamping; lives of thoroughly immoral men and women; bargaining on the part of a girl to sacrifice her virtue for an ostensibly good purpose.

Under the heading "Crime": Methods of crime open to imitation; stories in which the criminal element is predominant; criminals shown in affluence and apparently successful in life without retribution; strangling.

The whole thing is absolutely sincere. The Victorian morality underlying the "standards" laid down by the film censorship constitutes the genuine outlook of the president of the board and his henchmen, the examiners. That this outlook is not a matter of mere commercial or political expediency, but a passionately held creed is evident from a passage in which certain tendencies are denounced in true Jixian style. Among the films submitted for censorship during the past twelve months, we are told, there has been a large number which may be classed as "back-stage drama."

> The themes are often sordid, and the lives of the principal characters, if not actually immoral, are at all events unmoral in practice and principle. In many cases there is in addition an admixture of the criminal or bootlegging element, with the introduction of an atmosphere of riotous luxury. One such film by itself may not be prohibitive, but the board cannot help feeling that a continuous succession of them is subversive, tending to inculcate a lower outlook, and to invest a life of irregularity with a spurious glamor. There is evidence of quite definite disapproval of this type of film among the regular cinema-going public.

It is to be regretted that the Labor Government should have indorsed the unrealistic Sunday-school morality which informs the activities of the board. For it is not only in regard to sexual questions and law and order that the film censorship harks back to the outworn creed of Victorian days, when all white men were assumed to be superior to all "natives," every woman more innocent and pure than any man, all British military forces more patriotic than their opponents, all policemen more righteous than those they arrest, every doctor a Samaritan whose only thought is to relieve suffering humanity, and every clergyman a man of God caring only for the cure of souls and eternal salvation. The economic and political morality of the films is equally obsolete. The hero is usually shown rising to affluence by the sole aid of honest labor and a spotless character; the wealthy employer whose heart is not made of gold is invariably stripped of riches and position, and in the last reel is shown creeping away in disgrace and well-deserved misery. The atmosphere of the films is permeated throughout by an indomitable complacency toward the present social order. The world portrayed in the movies and talkies is in all essential respects a good world in which, after a few satisfying delays and apparent obstacles, virtue is inevitably rewarded and vice automatically punished.

It is obvious that the films will never develop into a true art so long as they are subjected to the cramping influence of the censorship as it exists at present; for no art can flourish while it is pinioned to an elaborate code of social hypocrisy and unreal convention.

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# *On the College Frontier*

# VIII. The Sarah Lawrence Plan*

By CONSTANCE WARREN

A DEVOTED trustee of one of our major colleges once said to me: "All through preparatory school my daughter was studying not what she wanted to but what she had to to enter college. After she got in she passed two more years studying not what she wanted to but what was required in preparation for it. Then she left to get married. She never reached the point of free work in her chosen field. If you can give the girl who is probably in college for but two years a chance at intellectual exploration, I am all for Sarah Lawrence College."

This statement was not made in a spirit of criticism of the four-year college. The man himself was a most successful product of such a college, and he realized that its chief business is to develop well-rounded scholarship. It plans its first two years accordingly, requiring of its students a broad survey of the general fields of knowledge through orientation courses or a wide sampling of introductory courses each designed to lay a thorough foundation for later specialization. Only in the junior year is the student considered ready for more independent work in her main fields of interest or for serious research.

Into this well-ordered scheme of things the girl who plans for only two years of college must fit herself as best she may. She comes away having done a good deal of required work in which she was not interested, and without having stayed long enough to specialize in the subjects of her choice, or having learned to work with the independence she desired. The educational meat is always ahead of her, and she leaves without having tasted it.

Can a two-year college be so planned as better to meet the needs of such a student? Most junior colleges either duplicate the first two years of the four-year college in preparation for transfer to its junior year or prepare for vocational and semi-professional careers. A few four-year colleges and some junior colleges are trying in various ways to solve the problem suggested. Among them Sarah Lawrence College has accepted this educational challenge. It opened as a two-year college of liberal arts, but whether it stops at two years or develops three or four years of work is incidental. To its faculty its main interest lies in the fact that it is attempting to put into practice, on the college level, principles of education long tested in the best of so-called progressive schools. Its primary object is education in the art of living richly through the well-rounded development of all the student's powers. This means that the task of the instructor is to consider the student in terms of her whole personality, not solely of her intellectual development; to provide the best possible conditions under which she shall become the active agent of her own education rather than the recipient of an education carefully planned for her by others; to help her build her intellectual life from her own interests as a starting-point, not to decide for her in advance what these interests should be; and to help her to interpret the information she acquires in terms of its relation to life in general rather than to acquire it for its own sake.

To establish a college on these lines is no easy task. It demands of the instructor skill, flexibility, understanding, and willingness to become part of the background of the educational experience rather than the leading figure in it. For the student it requires leisure in which to carry on chosen work without strain and to explore by-paths which branch off from the main highway of her course, one of which may perchance become, for her, the main highway.

For this type of work special organization is required. The student at Sarah Lawrence College generally carries but three major courses a year. She chooses these courses with faculty help. Sometime during the two years she usually works in each of four fields—the arts, modern languages and literature, natural sciences, and social sciences. This work is arranged to correlate as closely as possible with her major interest. Practical work in the arts is accepted as part of the curriculum—which enables the student with special gifts to devote more time than is usual to creative work in art, music, or drama. In each course the student receives a syllabus on which she works independently but in consultation with her instructor, who encourages her to enrich her experience by following lines of interest which her reading or class discussions suggest. This must be purposeful exploration, not erratic wandering, and to insure that it is carried out systematically, certain sections of work are expected to be completed at definite intervals and are definitely tested. Classes are small and generally take the form of round-table discussions based largely on student reports. The group meets once a week for two hours, but the instructor keeps in close touch with the work of each member of the class in a weekly conference lasting half an hour or more.

In addition to the three major courses each student chooses a major activity. These activities are applied arts, business procedure, chorus singing, dramatics, health, horticulture, stringed ensemble, pianoforte ensemble, publications, and social service. They correspond to the extra-curricular activities which in our college days were crowded into minutes hastily snatched from regular work, but which we now regard as affording some of the most valuable educational experience of our college career. In accord with the newer conception of what are legitimate subjects for study, the college plans these activities in the curriculum under the guidance of faculty advisers most of whom have had professional experience, and who explain technique and develop the full educational possibilities. These activities are particularly valuable in supplementing the more individual work of the classroom with group work, in developing leadership and a sense of service to the community, and in bringing out latent talent. They provide an unusual opportunity to learn by doing.

* The last of a series of articles on educational experiments.

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The college aims to avoid competition among students as a motive for work and to substitute the love of work for its own sake in competition only with oneself. Therefore there is no grading system. Reports consist of a careful analysis of the work of each student by her instructor and faculty adviser. No student's work is considered satisfactory if she has fallen below her own capacity. For those who desire a translation of their attainments in terms more familiar to college parlance, a Board of Outside Examiners, chosen from the faculties of four-year colleges and universities, offers each year a series of examinations which it grades. Last year more than half the students availed themselves of this opportunity for an outside evaluation of their work. Those planning to transfer to other colleges after graduation find it especially useful.

The fact that Bronxville, where the college is located, is but thirty minutes by train from New York makes it possible to use the city as a laboratory for museum, library, and social-science work. It affords an abundance of illustrative material for nearly all courses, and field trips are constantly made to take advantage of this enrichment of the curriculum. To learn to use the city wisely is an education in itself.

The college feels that for its type of education a crowded curriculum in which many subjects are pieced together like the parts of a puzzle is unfit. It aims rather to simplify the schedule, leaving stretches of time for uninterrupted work. For this reason, whenever the subject permits, classes are held for two hours once a week rather than more often and for shorter periods. The college believes in providing for a certain amount of leisure in which to develop the self-motivated interests which are a test of the reality of education, and to that end it throws open additional courses to students as listeners, allows them to do leisure-time work in music, arts, crafts, and dramatics, and arranges for them to take advantage of musical, artistic, and dramatic opportunities in New York City. Students join informal groups on the campus for the study of gardening, astronomy, photography, public speaking, the reading of poetry, discussion of current events, philosophy, or religion, and a variety of other interests. There is complete freedom in the choice of these pursuits, but each student is held responsible by her faculty adviser for a certain amount of leisure time well spent each week.

The crux of this method of education is the faculty adviser, or don. Almost all members of the faculty act as dons, each one to a few students only, giving to the work much thought and time. They consider the education of the student in terms of her all-round development, to which every phase of her experience while at college contributes. Conference with the don serves as a clearing-house for the discussion, classification, and interpretation of all the student's activities and interests. The development of the student's own judgment is the first consideration of the don.

Sarah Lawrence College is in an experimental stage and we hope that it always will be. The faculty research committee is constantly engaged in analyzing its objectives, in clarifying them, in investigating better ways of putting them into effect, and in checking practical results. It is undertaking, among other things, to investigate possibilities of close correlation between study, health, and social life. To this end the director of education, head nurse, physical director, and registrar of absences cooperate. In this, as in the solution of all other problems of college life, the students take an active part. The faculty are gradually working away from traditional subject matter, breaking down departmental lines and placing more emphasis on problems involving several departments. The faculty discusses freely with the students the theories upon which their education is being developed, as well as the actual problems of curriculum-making, and welcomes their criticism and suggestions. Decisions of various kinds reached in faculty meeting are talked over with them, and on one occasion last year student representatives attended faculty meeting and took an active part in plans for the development of the major activities. College government is a community affair, for the betterment of which joint faculty-student committees are at work. Every type of college problem, even the budget, is a matter of lively interest to the students.

It will readily be seen that such a scheme implies three requisites: adequate intellectual capacity to carry college work, indication of a desire to do independent work, and sufficient maturity of character to assume social responsibility. To find out whether these qualities exist the college requires the applicant for admission to take a scholastic-aptitude test and to submit school records for the last four years. In addition, three questionnaires must be filled out, one by the applicant, one by her parents, and one by the principal of her preparatory school. Upon this data the board of admission selects such candidates as seem to be qualified to profit by this type of educational experience.

The first class was graduated from Sarah Lawrence College last June. Some students who had thought they wanted but two years of work are returning for a third; many are going on to four-year colleges or to schools for professional training. They left with an enthusiasm for intellectual experiences and a confidence in their growing power to acquire these experiences that encourage the faculty in its belief that this adventure in education meets a definite, widespread, and vital demand.

# In the Driftway

LOCMARIAQUER lies on the Breton coast. And Locmariaquer is such a small village that the Drifter still wonders how he came to find it, though now that he thinks of it he does remember how he got there. He bicycled one morning into the cobbled streets of Auray. It was a very sunny morning in September and the Drifter was filled with thoughts of how the sea would be on such a day as this. So he went to the desk of one of Auray's hotels and asked to be directed to some small quiet place down the coast. The answer was immediate and firm: Locmariaquer. The Drifter liked the sound. It was a good beginning for a song. It was only eight or ten kilometers away. He would go there after lunch.

* * * * *

WHEN he arrived in Locmariaquer that afternoon, it was apparent that the town had gone to sleep in the sun. The square was empty and the small pier that could be seen from it reached its deserted length lazily into a shining high tide. The Drifter left the square and cycled down

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a narrow side street that was walled on either side from imagined gardens. Here he met an old woman driving her *cochon* tenderly along. He came to know the two rather well before he departed from the silences of Locmariaquer. For Locmariaquer was never any noisier than it was when he arrived. Its people lived their lives of course. They thatched their roofs and tended their chickens. The priest walked about in his peaceful black. Sometimes a cart went down a street. But about every activity there was a furtive air, as if the time for that sort of thing had long since passed and these were forgotten duties that must be performed, to be sure, but as quietly as possible. When the Drifter found in the church a pathetic decorated list of the Jeans and Pauls and Pierres of Locmariaquer who had died in the war, he was surprised that anything so recent had penetrated to that still village.

* * * * *

EACH day the Drifter followed a path that led through barnyards and fields to the sea which came up into the land in long reaches. Along the coast at Locmariaquer are cromlechs—passages of stones set upright side by side and topped with great flat slabs—built thousands of years ago by pagan hands of incredible strength. With matches the Drifter, preoccupied with human sacrifice, went to the ends of the long tunnels. And he was conscious of a life in the dead stones more real than any he could find back in the village. Even the sea at Locmariaquer was quiet, as if the ocean had forgotten it. The tide came in to fill the Drifter's favorite pool with its floor of yellow sand. He bathed alone, and he seldom saw a human being along the coast, though somebody gathered the periwinkles and crabs, the eels and shrimps he fed on so well. The days passed without a sound, except for the old woman and her precious pig talking to each other as she drove him home at night.

* * * * *

THERE was, indeed, one exception to the silence, one center of life not too abundant. Perhaps the Drifter's best friend in the village was the Madame who with her husband ran the little cafe and tabac across the street from his hotel. The villagers of Locmariaquer are not very bright—the Drifter records it without condescension or reproach, for a quick mind would be not only useless but uncomfortable there. Madame, he gathered, was considered brighter than most, because she took sole care of the cash box. Her husband called to her whenever a cash transaction was in order and Madame evidently enjoyed the distinction. But the Drifter noticed, too, that whenever the cash box came into play, there was a mistake, accompanied by much cheerful talk. In the Drifter's case, Madame, after a painful but eager calculation, invariably gave him too much change. The Drifter invariably returned the excess while Madame laughed at her mistake—not with any embarrassment but as if it were an old familiar joke. It came to be a little ceremony which the Drifter enjoyed as much as she did. Then one day, it was Monday, Madame was absent and the Drifter asked about her. The husband spoke proudly as he answered. In Auray every Monday, he explained, there was held a public market. And Madame each week took a load of produce to Auray where she sold it in a booth. Madame, he said, as he carefully counted out the wrong change, was so fond of business.

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# Correspondence

## Lord Thomson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial comment on the tragic death of Lord Thomson, in your issue of October 15, did scant justice to that most charming and brilliant of men, who was never, as you say, "an obscure, retired army officer." He was at thirty-eight a general assigned to the Supreme War Council, about the highest honor which could have come to him, an honor won, moreover, not by pull but by admirable service on the western front and in Palestine. Those who heard from his own lips the story of the taking of Jerusalem will never forget it.

The minute the war was over he resigned, leaving the army altogether because he was disgusted with the whole military business, and wanted to protest against the failure of the war to safeguard humanity. Although he had but small private means he threw in his lot with the unpopular Labor Party. His devotion to Ramsay MacDonald was as great as MacDonald's to him.

*Berlin, October 24* Oswald Garrison Villard

## Church and State

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial discussing the much-talked-of Hoover-Lutheran-Catholic incident you stated that "assuredly there must be someone in his [President Hoover's] battalion of assistants and counselors who could have kept him from making so bad a break as that of identifying Luther with the principle of separation of church and state."

The third paragraph of Article 28 of the Augsburg Confession contains the following words on this subject:

> Therefore, the power of the church and the civil power must not be confounded. The power of the church had its own commission to teach the Gospel and administer the sacrament. Let it not break into the office of another; let it not transfer the kingdoms of this world; let it not abrogate the laws of civil rulers; let it not abolish lawful obedience; let it not interfere with judgment concerning civil ordinances or contracts; let it not prescribe laws to civil rulers concerning the form of the commonwealth.

*Washington, October 29* S. B. W.

## A Hopeful Project

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some taboos, as Havelock Ellis and others have shown, are essential to the progress of humanity. In this group are numbered such taboos as those against theft and murder. But Ellis has also pointed out the great harm to society which has resulted from the taboo against rational discussion and action in dealing with certain grave health risks often referred to as "social diseases." Syphilis and gonorrhea are ranked by health authorities respectively as "the great killer" and "the great sterilizer" of our race. A recent authoritative survey of New York City disclosed 53,284 cases of these two diseases under observation and treatment on a given day. Yet the public frequently thinks of them as offenses rather than afflictions.

It is most hopeful, therefore, to note the announcement that the Bellevue-Yorkville Health Demonstration is devoting October and November to an intensive campaign against the venereal diseases. The allied forces engaged in this effort include the New York City Department of Health, the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, and the American Social Hygiene Association. They plan to reach every family in the Bellevue-Yorkville area through lectures, pamphlets, and motion pictures, giving the facts about both diseases.

*New York, November 1* Roy H. Everett

## Contributors to This Issue

Edward G. Ernst and Emil M. Hartl, authors of "The Steel Mills Today," present in four articles the results of a first-hand study of the chain store.

William A. Robson, member of the editorial board of the *Political Quarterly*, is the author of "The Relation of Wealth to Welfare."

Constance Warren is the president of Sarah Lawrence College.

Genevieve Taggard is the author of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson."

Lewis S. Gannett is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

Ernestine Evans is associate editor of the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sophie L. Goldsmith is the author of "Wonder Clock Plays."

Douglas Haskell is associate editor of the *Architectural Record*.

Mark Van Doren is the author of a long poem, "Jonathan Gentry," to be published shortly by Albert and Charles Boni.

Arthur Morgan is the pseudonym of a prominent Canadian.

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# Books, Architecture, Drama

## Detail

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

On a New York evening of thin tedium
A woman with blue eyes and some feeling read
A poem; while the city like a drum
Heavied her voice. Casually, she was dead

A little later. I recall and cannot find
The poem. It was a poem then,
About a clock that ticked and would unwind
In an old house, and strike out nine or ten

While sparrows feathered and chaffered on outside.
By Thomas Hardy. Three quatrains.
We were not friends. We were polite. She died
In a meager way, I think, of minor pains. . . .

And in the deckeled edges of his thick
Books I have looked but I cannot find
The poem. Still the clock does tick
Somewhere, and the springs unwind.

And the insignificant woman, and the dull, polite
Evening . . . the subway crammed and stale . . .
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight, goodnight,
Woman and poem in limbo.
Detail, detail
Of the infallible city of our failure, drawn to scale.

## Einstein

*Albert Einstein.* By Anton Reiser. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

IN his essay on Genius, Schopenhauer has a passage pointing out that veneration of the great is generally directed to the wrong object—that Petrarch's house in Arqua, Shakespeare's at Stratford, Goethe's at Weimar, Kant's old hat and autographs, are gaped at with interest and awe by many who have never read the works of these men. "To read a philosopher's biography, instead of studying his thoughts," he concludes, "is like neglecting a picture and attending only to the style of its frame."

The judgment is perhaps too harsh, and not properly qualified. To read a philosopher's biography as a *substitute* for studying his thoughts is a practice that may deserve all the odium one can pour upon it, but to treat his biography as a *supplement* to his published thought is something quite different. We recognize this clearly in the case of men of letters; our knowledge of the lives and personalities of Swift, Byron, Shelley, Poe, Melville, and a hundred others helps enormously in understanding and interpreting their work. Today we recognize, more than we used to, that this applies also to philosophers: that their vision of the world may indicate a rationalization of a peculiar temperament more than a purely "objective" view—and this is even more true of Schopenhauer himself than of most philosophers. Finally, we are beginning to apply the same point of view even to scientists. Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, in his "Aspects of Science," has argued that scientific theories are not so purely impersonal as they are commonly thought to be; he sees almost as marked a difference between English and French science, for example, as between English and French literature; and he holds that, as certain aesthetic criteria help to determine the acceptance of scientific theories, these theories may be determined by the type of mind, and colored by the personality, of the scientists who formulate them.

That these aesthetic criteria have played an important role in the theories of Einstein no one can doubt who has read what intimate observers have written of him, or even some of his own comments. Anton Reiser writes in the present volume:

> His entire working procedure is surprisingly analogous to that of the artist. Once he has come upon a problem his path toward a solution is not a matter of slow, painful stages. He has a definite vision of the possible solution, considers its value and the methods of approaching it. If he is fortunate enough to remove all difficulties standing in the way of a clear, certain, and accurate solution, he is moved not only by the sum of new scientific truth but by aesthetic pleasure. His difficulty is now simple; he has created a clear, harmonious world of thought. At these times he has been known to say: "What a beautiful solution!" Or, while he is still working: "I hope this is right, the result would be lovely!"

That the type of thought evolved by an Einstein would be radically different from the type of thought evolved by a Kant might be guessed even from a knowledge of their physical habits when engaged upon a problem. Of Kant's rigid regularity—rising precisely at five every morning, studying two hours, lecturing two hours, leaving his house for his walk, in all weathers, at exactly half-past three—of all this there is no trace in Einstein. He has no fixed hours. His work is not set for any particular time of day. It is interrupted, Reiser tells us,

> . . . by friendship, good-fellowship, and particularly by music — by the last, even, nay especially, during his most intense periods of production. His music is a kind of balance to his purely mental investigations. When he knows that he is alone, he improvises on his grand piano, and breaks off suddenly to return to his work.

The present volume, I regret to say, is much less satisfactory for the light it throws on Einstein's mind than the book by Alexander Moszkowski, translated under the title of "Einstein the Searcher" and published here in 1922. Moszkowski's volume is the record of conversations with Einstein in 1919 and 1920. Its obvious model is Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," and though as a whole it falls far short of that performance, it contains many pages that would not suffer by comparison. In it we learn that Einstein, who looks far more like a musician than a scientist, is actually a very fair violinist, and that his performances approach concert standard. His favorite composers are the classicists, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and he is fond of Beethoven's ensemble music, though he cares very little for such romanticists as Chopin and Schumann. Improvisation on the piano is "a necessity of his life." He reads comparatively little in general literature, though he has a profound admiration for Shakespeare, and almost as much for Sophocles. He is cooler toward Goethe, but Dostoevski seems to give him more pleasure than any other writer. "Dostoevski," he once said to Moszkowski, "gives me more pleasure than any scientist, more than Gauss!" Though he has only a modified admiration for philosophers, Locke, Hume, and Schopenhauer are among his favorites. He cares little for painting, much more for sculpture, and still more for architecture. His only "sports" are walking and sailing.

Much of this information the present Reiser book repeats; some of it it supplements, some of it it seems to contradict. Reiser's book is most valuable for its biographical facts, par-

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ticularly for its account of Einstein's precocity—of how, for example, at fourteen, without outside help except the textbooks he had bought for himself, he mastered integral and differential calculus and analytical geometry. But the Reiser volume is also valuable for its revelations of Einstein's character. The greatest scientific mind of our time seems devoid of vanity or contempt. Einstein has no patience with a Nietzschean philosophy; he is profoundly pacifistic, profoundly democratic. In his humility, his shyness, his lack of desire for controversy, his generosity and simplicity, he reminds one strikingly of other great scientists, particularly Charles Darwin. Does science breed these virtues in her votaries, or is it only on those who possess these virtues that she showers her richest favors?

HENRY HAZLITT

# "A Comprehensive Soul"

*Daniel Webster.* By Claude Moore Fuess. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE biographer of a statesman has two courses open to him. He may write a history of the times with the great man as a central figure, or he may assume that his readers know the history and spend himself in detailing the events of his subject's life with only enough historical background or accompaniment to enable the reader to keep things straight. Mr. Fuess follows the second of these courses, although not with entire consistency. Apparently, his own conception of his task grew as he proceeded with it, for there is considerably more history in his second volume than in the first. In the main, however, he subordinates the general movement of events to Webster's personal career, and within those limits has produced far and away the best biography of Webster that has yet been written.

Beyond noting that Mr. Fuess has used both printed and manuscript sources, and corrected or supplemented from recent studies a number of earlier judgments which we now know to have been erroneous or partial, the critical reader will probably be most interested in the appraisal of Webster's character, his position in the politics of his time, and the permanent significance of the many important moments in his long career. Unquestionably, in Webster's case, such matters make a heavy draft upon the powers of a biographer. By general agreement, Webster takes rank as the greatest of American orators, the ablest of American constitutional lawyers, and one of the foremost of American secretaries of state. To the public that knew him in these capacities he was also a politician identified, throughout most of his career, with an opposition party, a yearner for Presidential honors that were never to be his, and an imposing personality who loved applause and courted it, and expected everybody to take him as seriously as he took himself. It followed that the very persons who conceded his greatness as a jurist or diplomatist could also denounce him as a political time-server, and that admission of his worth as a national figure could go hand in hand with sharp and even scandalous criticism of his private life.

Mr. Fuess steers his way through these complexities with commendable skill. At no point, to be sure, are his comments very profound, and the constitutional questions which meant so much to Webster seem to interest him least. It is somewhat surprising to find him passing over with brief mention the developments which have gone far to override the legal doctrine of the Dartmouth College case, and refraining from comment on the doctrine of a "people's Constitution" which was at issue in the great debate with Hayne. On the political side, however, the exposition is judicious and illuminating. We are shown a Webster whose political attitude was streaked with inconsistency and alternations of blindness and insight—turning protectionist when New England, after the War of 1812, experienced a change of heart on that subject, persisting in factious opposition to Polk over the Mexican War and declaring that New Mexico and California were "not worth a dollar," blind to the meaning of the American West, and upholding the Fugitive Slave law on legal grounds without troubling himself about its moral or social implications. We know now, thanks to the researches of the late Herbert D. Foster, that there was a real disunion menace in 1850, but it is well to have Webster's motives in his seventh-of-March speech set right in a narrative which, while somewhat cold to the Abolitionists, does no injustice to their radical point of view. It is refreshing to find the argument in the Girard will case—in which Webster urged that the provision excluding ecclesiastics from the proposed Girard College was contrary to public policy, on the ground that the education contemplated was "derogatory to the Christian religion"—set down by Mr. Fuess as "an amazing outburst of bigotry." The liberalism, such as it was, that Webster showed in politics did not apply to his religious opinions, for in that field he was orthodox.

The chapters dealing with Webster's personal habits and social relationships are admirably done. Mr. Fuess acquits Webster of the charges of sexual laxity which were freely made against him, although mainly on circumstantial grounds, at the same time that he marshals the evidence regarding Webster's gross carelessness in money matters, his unblushing acceptance of money from interested friends, and his general incompetence in business. Neither reading nor travel nor association with intellectual people sufficed to make Webster a man of culture, and he could plead for a suffering Greece without feeling concern for social injustices in America. He was at his best, Mr. Fuess thinks, as a farmer at Marshfield, but with that unexpected verdict goes also the general conclusion that "one finds in him strange contradictions which cannot be reconciled except on the assumption that his was a comprehensive soul." The judgment will bear more than one interpretation, but it has at least the merit of permitting us to give full weight to Webster's inconsistencies and positive failings without detracting from what in his career was really great.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

# China in Perspective

*China: The Collapse of a Civilization.* By Nathaniel Peffer. The John Day Company. $3.

"WISE" is the word that comes to mind as one reads the first half of Mr. Peffer's book. He sees things in disillusioned perspective, mellowly, without angry moralizing. He actually understands the inevitability of history. He admits ghastly realities, sees responsibilities, yet scolds neither Chinese nor foreigners—which makes his book unique among books about China.

Then, in the last half, he loses the thread. One does, attempting to sketch the future of China. "Conclusions," says Mr. Peffer, "are quickly stated. There are none. There are only questions." In the preceding chapters, however, he has attempted to answer some of the unanswerable questions, and the result is confusing, as in all honesty it must be. Mr. Peffer might well have been content to give us the best contemporary analysis of the Chinese puzzle as it is today.

The three fundamental facts about China, he says, are that it includes a quarter of the human race; that it was within our time substantially as it had been for two thousand years, the oldest surviving civilization, a chain of loosely knit towns

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d villages bound more by the semi-socialistic traditions of e guilds and of the family system than by political empire; d that this civilization, faced by Western arms and industry, s crumbled into chaos.

> We carve wood or mold clay into the image of a person and call it a god [Mr. Peffer quotes that wise old man, Liang Ch'i-chao, as saying]. Place it in a beautiful temple and seat it in a glorious shrine, and the people will worship it and find it mysteriously potent. But suppose some insane person should pull it down, tread it under foot, and throw it into a dirty pond, and suppose someone should discover it and carry it back to its original sacred abode, you will find the charm has gone from it.

he old civilization of China is as lovely to look upon as ever was, but the charm has gone from it. The Chinese themlves do not believe in it; that the foreign conquests have done them. And the result is chaos—moral chaos first, and conquently political, economic, cultural chaos.

With this far-reaching thesis Mr. Peffer traces the history f China in the last century, and the picture is full of fresh nd illuminating lights and colors. He sets the Russian episode i its proper place, as an episode, a consequence rather than an riginal cause of much that has been attributed to it. He sees un Yat-sen, the purest of the Republican leaders, as "part arly Christian prophet, part Napoleon, part Central American surrecto." He sets Chinese communism in its lowly place as n effect rather than a cause of disorder, a symptom rather nan a malignant bacillus. He has a brilliant paragraph on he strong-man delusion:

> It is painfully conventional to babble about a Chinese Mussolini. China has one. It has half a dozen. That is its trouble. A Chinese Mussolini would have to be all that Mussolini is in Italy, but he would also have to be Mussolini for Italy and France and Germany and Hungary and Poland and Esthonia as well . . . China is a continent.

He sees the Chinese reconquest of cultural and political nd probably economic domination in their own country as historic inevitability, as natural and amoral and disorderly process as the conquest of domination by the foreigners threequarters of a century ago.

As to the future, he peers in various directions. It would e easy to show that he sometimes contradicts himself. But hat merely proves that he is neither superman nor fool. At east he is never dogmatic; he has a historical sense. And hat is high praise anywhere, but particularly in China.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

# The New Picture Books

ANOTHER fall, another Christmas coming; Commerce holding up a bright penny to the publishers, and all of them betting what will sell; no wonder the picture books tumble from the presses. By and large, for all their bright appearance, like little cakes with pink frosting, there is not as much good eating or delicious remembering as there should be considering the numbers. Still, half a dozen new artists make their bow in the children's book field. Mary Steichen Martin in "The First Picture Book" (Harcourt, Brace, $2) sets the time of day for the next year's books quite as much as Wanda Gag's hand-lettered "Millions of Cats" did two years ago. There are Leslie Brooke pictures, perfect things, after an absence for nearly ten publishing seasons, in "A Roundabout Turn" (Warne, $1.50). "When the Star Children Play" (Longmans, Green, $1.50) and "When the Root Children Wake Up" (Stokes, $1.50), two of the most popular German picture books, and two remarkable story dramatizations of natural events, have been turned into English. There are more picture books about Mexico than about fairyland, a terrestrial vista opened full of glamor alike for young imperialists and young communists.

"The First Picture Book" is a collection of beautifully reproduced photographs by Edward Steichen of the simple objects that are the high spots to baby explorers round the house. The photographs are simple and direct, not the beguiling but bogus vision of the world offered by the fuzzy-edge school of photographers. There is a picture of bread and milk, of balls, of the washbowl and the toothbrush, of the hatrack, of Teddy bears, and the baby carriage. There is an introduction by Harriet M. Johnson, director of the Nursery School of the Bureau of Educational Experiments. (All the nice prefaces remind one of missionary Mother Hubbards draping little heathen experiments.) "The First Picture Book" is important partly because it is a beautifully made book, and interesting, and perhaps a profound essay toward giving the child a sense of reality and a heightened sense of the immediate environment, but more because it is the first of an avalanche of photograph picture books by Mrs. Martin and others. At least two publishers have been studying the enormous German output of such books, and Mrs. Martin herself announces a second volume in preparation.

"A Roundabout Turn" with the Leslie Brooke pictures is a book to relish, simple and subtle at the same time, a tale of a Toad that lived on Albury Heath and wanted to see the world. The verse was originally published in *Punch*.

> It isn't that I dislike the Heath,
> It's a perfectly charming heath, of course . . .
> . . . . . .
> But it's flat, and the World, they say, is round.

You get a glimmering of the plot which leads on to the fair and the merry-go-round, and an I. O. U. for seventy-nine times round and round and round, and the journey home. This is by no means the gaudiest picture book of the fall, but I predict for it the longest life, for people of the widest range of ages. It is so funny, it is so true a story of human life, as simple and salty as Aesop, and the pictures are of the kind that the longer you look the more you see.

"Frawg" (Stokes, $1.50), by Annie Vaughan Weaver, is the realistic story of a little black boy and his pappy and his mammy and his long-tailed yellow dog named Buckeye and his sister Iwilla (which was short for I Will Arise and Go to My Father). With the boy and the sunflowers and the watermelon on the cover, and ever so many pictures inside, and fine large type, it is worth insisting on at the book counter.

The most-touted picture book of the fall is "The Painted Pig" (Knopf, $2), with pictures by the Austrian artist René d'Harnoncourt in sulky yellows, browns, blues, and reds, and text by Mrs. Dwight Morrow. (The first edition is worth asking for, it so far excels the later printings.) Both "The Painted Pig" and "Pancho and His Burro" (Morrow, $2), by Zhenya and Jan Gay, lead through that feast of adventure, a Mexican peasant fair. These two books also set a style. We shall have a whole juvenile literature about Mexico—where the sun shines as it shines nowhere else—within the next ten years.

The new Elsa Beskow book from Sweden is called "Aunt Brown's Birthday" (Harper, $2.50). It has a real plot. Aunt Green and Aunt Lavendar, the rascals, borrow Aunt Brown's clothes while she lies in her bed ill. The new Louis Moe book from Denmark is called "The Forest Party" (Coward-McCann, $1.75), and is about a picnic. Both these artists cram their pictures with detail.

"Penny Whistle" (Macmillan, $1), by Erick Berry, is nonsense with a newness, about a noisy pickaninny who learned to

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tweet-toot a bird song on his pink whistle. "Stop Tim" (Farrar and Rinehart, $1.50), by Mary McNeer and Lynd Ward, fetches in a rackety little automobile for a hero and runs up hill and down dale and over the ferry in a sort of movie chase; *echt* movie, too, is Inez Hogan's "The White Kitten and the Blue Plate" (Macmillan, $1). Both stories roll along, but neither is as nourishing as "The Roundabout Turn." Parents interested in encouraging experiments should note "All the World Is Color" (Farrar and Rinehart, $4), by Marguerite Clement, with pictures by Pierre and Germaine L'Hardy, with French and English texts. Berta and Elmer Hader have finished ten years' work on their edition of rhymes and songs from "Mother Goose" (Coward-McCann, $3.50); Kurt Wiese has a unique story of a baby animal called "Wallie the Walrus" (Coward-McCann, $1.50), and the Haders have a picture book called "Little Elephant" (Doubleday, Doran, 75 cents).

These notes leave about sixty picture books unmentioned. Why not take the child himself out bookstore shopping, and for that one day assure him that it is quite polite to point? Let him poke his fingers into the publishing pie. "Kees" (Harper, $2.50), a Dutch story by Marian King with pictures by Elizabeth Enright, daughter of Pat Enright, the cartoonist, will probably attract him; and the new linen books, with "Chicken Little" (Harper, 75 cents) or Jack Tinker's "The Small and Tall Man" (Lippincott, $1) leading off.

ERNESTINE EVANS

# Outstanding Fall Books for Children

FOR CHILDREN FROM SIX TO TEN YEARS

*Emil and the Detectives.* By Erich Kastner. Translated by May Masse. Illustrated by Walter Trier. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Emil fully deserves the accolade of real-personhood. It is impossible to watch him taking leave of his mother, traveling to Berlin on his memorable trip, stalking the thief, and rounding up his corps of detectives, and thereafter to relegate him to the pages of a book. He and his friends are vibrant and living characters, presented not only in a witty and delicious detective story, but in a set of illustrations worthy of their subjects.

*The Five Children.* By E. Nesbit. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

If Emil is a real person, the "five children" constitute an equally real family. The public of Mrs. Nesbit, so large and devoted, will rejoice in this American edition of a book which has been making friends everywhere for twenty years. The ingenuity of the author's imagination, her humor, and her charming outlook invest the adventures of her young characters with unceasing interest.

*Floating Island.* Written and Illustrated by Anne Parrish. Harper and Brothers. $3.

It is but a step from a real boy and a real family to real dolls. No dolls could be more convincing than these so cheerfully wrecked on Floating Island. Anne Parrish has already given ample evidence of her power to visualize inanimate objects, but the way in which she here galvanizes into life black china moustaches, jointed arms and legs, a piano with four white keys and two black ones, among a variety of other objects, is nothing short of extraordinary. If at times one is a little too conscious of the author at the expense of the characters, as in some of the footnotes, some new irresistible quirk always brings Mr. or Mrs. Doll, William, Annabel, or Dinah again to the foreground. Their adventures are narrated with plausibility and humor, and it is at all times difficult to say who is havin the most fun—author, illustrator, characters, or reader.

*The Nutcracker of Nuremberg.* By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by Grace Gingras. Illustrated with Silhouette Cut by Else Hasselriis. Robert McBride and Company. $2.50.

The Nutcracker may join the preceding group, because he too, is a doll of a sort. His period is not so modern as that o Mr. Doll and his family. He is the product of the age o formality, of unquestioning obedience induced merely by a paternal finger upraised, of very masculine little boys with military leanings and very feminine little girls occupied exclusively with their dolls. His story is told by a master of the arts o suspense and make-believe, and the emergence of the hero from the ungainly person of a nutcracker is a triumph of the favorite ugly-duckling theme.

*Canary Village.* By Grace B. Cawthorpe. Decorations by Edna Potter. Frederick A. Stokes. $1.

Another successful variation of the ugly-duckling theme is told in this simple and appealing little tale of a bird-shop, of Peter and Gretchen and their canary family. The story of their dark-winged son Marty, who triumphed as a singer over his bragging brother of brilliant golden plumage and brought good fortune to Hans, the proprietor, is a fresh embodiment of a theme which never seems to lose its charm.

*The Cat Who Went to Heaven.* By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. The Macmillan Company. $2.

The "three-colored cat" of this exquisite tale is one of the few felines of fiction who may safely be left in close proximity to the canary shop above referred to. Throughout her story she proves her superiority to material temptation of any kind. It is a privilege to watch her association with the artist, whose struggle to achieve his creative dream is so movingly portrayed. This is one of those rare books whose claim upon both children and adults is undeniable, and in which the unflagging interest of the narrative is successfully interwoven with the beauty of fantasy and allegory.

*A Baker's Dozen.* By Mary Gould Davis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Because one of the outstanding stories in this collection is Laurence Housman's "Chinese Fairy Tale," "A Baker's Dozen" naturally comes to mind in connection with "The Cat Who Went to Heaven." The other stories in the collection are notable for other than idealistic appeal. There are humor, fantasy, realism, and a touch of horror in the stories of such tale-tellers as Sandburg, Finger, Marie Shedlock, and Stockton. All of them have been successfully tested on eager audiences at the New York Public Library, where Miss Davis is Supervisor of Story-Telling.

*Patchwork Plays.* By Rachel Field. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.25.

This is a collection of short plays by the winner of last year's Newberry Medal on subjects which draw immediate responses from childish hearts. Chimney-sweeps in all their pathos and romantic appeal, a sentimental scarecrow, the grasshopper treated as the improvident and lovable artist at the expense of the smug capitalist ant—these are some of the themes in which Miss Field's special gifts of gentle satire and original characterization find scope. Her experience in the limitations and requirements of amateur dramatics makes the book as practical as it is interesting, which is not often true of collections of this nature.

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*Tales of a Grandmother.* By George Sand. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

Five fairy tales, told in the leisured manner of an earlier period and stressing particularly the beauties of natural phenomena and the rewards of those who appreciate them, comprise this volume. The fidelity to detail and the essentially French feeling of the book make it an important addition to this class of literature.

*How They Carried the Mail.* By Joseph Walker. Illustrated by Frank Dobias. J. H. Sears and Company. $3.

The quotation from Herodotus over the vast doors of the New York Post Office, "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds," is here dramatized in one of the most interesting volumes of the year. Mr. Walker describes mail-carrying methods from the days of the runners of King Sargon, of the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews, through the fleet horsemen of the days of chivalry, the teams, steamboats, and covered wagons which preceded railroads and ocean liners, to the fast rail and airplane delivery of our own day. Historical characters which to the jaded palate of many have grown too familiar with repetition, such as Queen Esther, Ben Franklin, King Richard, and Roland, are impressed into service to give an original and unforgettable turn to the central theme. It is absorbing narrative at all times and rich in informative material picturesquely presented.

*The Day After Christmas.* By S. Foster Damon. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

On the day after Christmas the entire family has usually a pronounced case of Katzenjammer. It is therefore no wonder Mr. Damon felt impelled to bring to his aid in dealing with this day such personages as the Culprit Fay, Oberon and Titania, and the spirits of Lewis Carroll and George MacDonald. In such company Abbie, falling asleep within sight of her Christmas tree, dreams a dream in which a Christmas fairy, having first reduced her to his own size, "no bigger than her father's thumb," escorts her right into the Christmas tree itself, thence into fairyland and a host of fantastic and symbolic adventures. The book is rich in imagery and in literary associations. It should have proved a welcome opportunity for the art of Vera Bock, but she is not so successful here as in "The Tangle-Coated Horse."

*Pillicock Hill.* Verses by Herbert Asquith. Music by Alec Rowley. Illustrations by A. H. Watson. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Nowhere is there more piffle than in the various attempts to write new songs for children. It is therefore a pleasure to come upon a small collection which may be praised for music, words, and illustrations.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN FROM TEN TO SIXTEEN

*Tales of the First Animals.* By Edith S. Walker in Collaboration with Charles C. Mook. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

Several features of this book are misleading. Its format, its short sentences, its illustrations lead one to expect a book for younger readers, on the order of those written by Amabel Williams-Ellis. It is, however, written for children, surely not under twelve, who can understand and enjoy long scientific names and references, and who have an intelligent and already directed curiosity about the development of the prehistoric earth. This being so, one wonders why the authors thought fit to sugar-coat their excellent work by the interpolation of verses between the chapters. They are execrable verses for the most part, with halting meter and such would-be rhymes as "began" and "land," "form" and "born."

*Skycraft.* By Augustus Post. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The subject of this book insures its eager examination. Written by a former editor of *Aeromechanics* and of an aviation page in *Boys' Life,* it will not disappoint those who devour all material on the greatest achievement of modern science. It is definite and to the point, with numerous photographs, illustrations, and diagrams that enhance its interest.

*The Book of the Three Dragons.* By Kenneth Morris. Illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

As "Tales of the First Animals" presupposes an audience already familiar with the world of science, so "The Book of the Three Dragons" may be appreciated in all its beauty only by those with considerable background in folklore. The tongue-twisting names, the elaborate language, and the long descriptions, although all in faultless taste, are apt to be a strain upon the attention of both children and adults who are not familiar with the conventions of epic prose and poetry. It is, indeed, not a book of which an adequate idea can be given within the present small compass, but it is so notable a contribution that a reference to it is indispensable.

*Rama: Hero of India.* By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrations by Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This book, in contrast to the preceding, requires no particular maturity on the part of the reader; yet it puts him on terms of immediate intimacy with legendary India and its great hero, Rama, the "heart-ravisher." Rama's bride, Sita, kidnapped by the ten-necked demon Ravanna, that "loathing's very soul," and kept by him in captivity during all those years which count for so little in India's creed, his heroic brother Lakshmana, and the tremendous figure of Hanuman, the giant monkey, are all presented in such a way that Rama's message comes almost as a surprise to us. The Puritan tendency in Rama finds utterance in such a sentence as "There is no escape for any soul from the jaws of duty until death shows him the secret passage of immortal life."

*Queer Person.* By Ralph Hubbard. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Queer Person is a legendary hero of the Pikuni Indians, so called because during his childhood he has been deaf and dumb. After a youth of bitter hardship, during which he is befriended only by an old woman who realizes his heroic mold, he has opportunities for tests which finally reveal his true measure and win him the daughter of Big Pipe, the chieftain. This is not an ordinary Indian story by any means—there is about it a tenseness, a fervor, which makes it most unusual. The presentation of unfamiliar Indian customs and the keen characterization of many original figures arouse deep interest.

*The Story of Roland.* By James Baldwin. Illustrated by Peter Hurd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is a gift edition of an old favorite, and as such requires very little comment except that the days of chivalry have been given a setting quite worthy of them and of one of their favorite sons.

*The Blacksmith of Vilno.* By Eric P. Kelly. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Poland is a country whose pathetic history and picturesque background have been comparatively little used by writers of fiction. Against the murky background of the blacksmith's shop the crown of Poland is flashed for a moment before the eyes of its defenders, who guard it and their liberty against the Czar of Russia in 1832. The story abounds in thrilling moments,

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and the gallant patriotism of a people fighting a losing fight shines steadfastly throughout. The book is the work of an enthusiast and of one saturated with his subject.

*John Brown's Body.* By Stephen Vincent Benét. With Illustrations by James Daugherty. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

Mr. Benét is having the presumably unique experience of seeing his fine poem in his own lifetime not only in the ranks of best-sellers, but in the purple and fine linen of a gift edition. The vigor and originality of Mr. Daugherty's talent are, as always, apparent in his illustrations.

*Made in Mexico.* By Susan Smith. Illustrated by Julio Castellanos. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

A paper jacket showing us two angels in red skirts and purple blouses weeping into yellow handkerchiefs in the shadow of red, white, and yellow wings provokes immediate interest. This is sustained throughout a book which deals ostensibly with the decorations and handicrafts of Mexico, but gives its readers considerably more. Naturally the art of a people represents its life, yet only a writer thoroughly at home with Mexican life and customs could present them so well through the media of the toys, masks, kitchens, potteries, legends, and embroideries she describes. One could do worse than use this little volume as an introductory "So You're Going to Mexico!"

*The Bold Dragoon.* By Washington Irving. Edited by Anne Carroll Moore. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Washington Irving is here dragged from the classical obscurity to which he has been condemned by many youthful readers, impatient of all prescribed reading in the first place and of leisurely detail in the second. The stories in this collection have been edited so that their wit and charm gleam through a text unhampered by too many digressions. The editor has been ably abetted by the illustrator, James Daugherty.

*When I Was a Girl.* By Helen Ferris. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The biographies and autobiographies of such women as Jane Addams, Schumann-Heink, and Madame Curie have for some time been at the disposal of all interested readers. It has remained for a person in touch with the needs and aspirations of growing girls to cull from these life-stories selected periods which quicken the interest and inspire the admiration of such an audience. This Miss Ferris has done by showing the struggling-to-fame periods of five women, with their home lives and incidents from their girlhoods. Each woman is introduced by a short article by Miss Ferris.

*Doubloons: The Story of Buried Treasure.* By Charles B. Driscoll. Illustrated by Harry Cimino. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

Usually the subject of a pirate yarn is *a* buried treasure. So a book which describes the locations of innumerable buried treasures contains the stuff of innumerable pirate yarns. Such is the dizzying but satisfying quality of "Doubloons." Mr. Driscoll tells us about the sunken galleons of the Armada, the hoardings of Blackbeard himself, the dreams of Nova Scotians still blasting for buried treasure, the hopes of a James and a Charles of England, and other lost riches. His book is a sort of pirate anthology, and each hiding-place evokes associations for the pirate-yarn enthusiast. Illustrators for pirate books, we have noticed, always go about their work with a great deal of bloody zest, and Harry Cimino is no exception. One can sup most luxuriously on his pictured horrors.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH



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# Architecture

## Monumental Masses

THE Palmolive Building in Chicago, by Holabird and Root, has what architects call a "good mass." So have the Shelton Hotel, by A. L. Harmon, and the Telephone Building, by Ralph Walker, in New York; so has the Fisher Building in Detroit, by Albert Kahn. It is their most dangerous virtue.

"Mass" is the chief bogus idea in American architecture today. The essence of the art it was never. It was an accident that happened to live for thousands of years because people were obliged to build in masonry and stone, and there existed no quantity of clear glass. After the Crystal Palace, sculpture lost its command of true building. Glass kills mass. (The word "mass" is supposed to have come from the Greek *maza*, barley-cake. It is, of course, only this doughy connotation that is objectionable.)

That is, the transparency of glass has given new meaning to an ancient notion of what architecture is. Like music, architecture is something that can really take place only in the air. The object of the building is the emptiness it contains for people to occupy! Walls and windows are mere accessories to this space, as the orchestra is to sound. Windows and electric wiring help to regulate its light; doors and elevators give access; walls and roof regulate the weather within the boundaries which they establish, and so on. Substitute for the notion of the "building" the more abstract and comprehensive notion of "shelter," and you have the purpose for which all building forms whatsoever have been mere devices. Other tools than the present ones might easily be devised which would do much better. Is it not crazy that an Empire State Building should be riddled with 6,400 separate framed openings just because Mr. Jones's two-story house has a few such things, called "windows"? As for a twelve-inch masonry wall, it is a veritable ox-cart of a tool. Piling brick on brick, we exactly imitate the Egyptians of 6,000 years ago, whose tombs were masses indeed! The greatest architect, as Mr. Lönberg-Holm has suggested, would be that godlike man who could shelter a space using no materials at all.

What, architecture without buildings? Yes; that would be paradise. By this last magic of a consummate civilization we should be united in freedom with the wildest primitive hunter, for whom all nature is home. Our only difficulties would arise from an excess of perfection.

But in the meantime we have made some approaches. The boundary of a space can, even with the materials and methods now at hand, be made a mere screen or a delicate, iridescent, graceful, and airy veil. Both have existed in the designs of our own architect Frank Lloyd Wright since at least 1897, and as recently as 1930. Indeed, in his fine country houses the hard distinction between indoors and outdoors is no longer to be found, shelter shades into openness, sunlight merges enchantingly into shadow, the flowers never stop, and the people—the people all loosen up too.

But what do we do to our prophets? What capacity have we poor worms for Ideas? Ten years from now the thought may come back to us, fresh from Europe. In the meantime the Beaux-Arts crowns the blackest plans, and our leading architects go on building solid "monuments" or statues and then solemnly and regretfully punching them full of holes.

The architect of the Radiator Building made it all black so the holes wouldn't show so much. Let us mourn.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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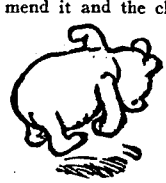

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# Drama

## "Elizabeth the Queen"

THE playwright who goes to history for his characters must solve one problem before he solves any other—the problem of how those characters are to be made convincing. For the audience already knows them, or thinks it knows them, and while this might seem to be a help it is actually a handicap. The author cannot create with a free hand, he cannot begin with nothing. He begins with people of whom we long ago formed some picture in our minds, to whom inevitably we have attached a certain importance. They are sacred to us in the sense that we have conceptions of them which it is dangerous or ridiculous to violate. So we go to the theater prepared to say: "This is not Disraeli, this is not Napoleon, this is not the Earl of Essex; these are only actors pretending to be those famous persons." Or as the dialogue proceeds we say: "This is not the way they really talked, this is only somebody's rather highhanded notion of it." The playwright, in other words, is having to match his picture with our own, and since no two persons see with the same eyes, he is attempting the impossible. When we sit at a play which is not historical we are forced to suppose that the actor is indeed the person whom he plays; nor is it difficult to believe that his lines are the perfect expression of his character. We can imagine no other character for him.

Much, of course, will depend upon the actors in the piece. More than ever it will be necessary for them to possess some kind of native power, some genius for integrity, so that in the event they fail to match our picture they will at least have offered an acceptable substitute; they must appear to be grea people of some sort. "Elizabeth the Queen," the new play by Maxwell Anderson at the Guild Theater, is successful, for instance, largely because Lynn Fontanne as Elizabeth, Alfrec Lunt as Essex, and Arthur Hughes as Cecil play their grea parts with a convincing energy. I was quite willing to believe that in the person of Miss Fontanne I saw the cruel lover of peace, Elizabeth the Queen, who kept so much of her country in content and so many of her friends in the Tower. For Mr. Lunt I could feel the same admiration, mingled with the same pity and the same contempt, that I can feel for the rash young Earl who forever lost his head. Mr. Hughes represented for me all the intrigue which I associate with the name of Cecil and with the idea of courts in general; he made no fuss, he almost never raised his voice or lifted his hands, but he was nevertheless sinister and terrible. The rest were merely actors. Bacon was better than Raleigh, a little better; but from Burghley on down the cast was feeble, which under the circumstances means that it was especially bad.

Much also depends, it goes without saying, upon the author. Mr. Anderson has in the present instance furnished a text which it is a pleasure to listen to. He has written with splendor yet with tact, with just enough of the archaic in his style to make us think of Shakespeare yet without that excess of it which would prevent us from appreciating his play as the work of a contemporary. He is one of the few playwrights today who are gifted with rich tongues, and therefore one of the few who should be permitted to deal with such a theme as this one. And he is intelligent. So I enjoyed the lines.

They did not seem to me, however, perfectly successful, and the reason is perhaps easy to state. Mr. Anderson has compromised between two styles, two attitudes; and compromise—always a dangerous thing in art—is particularly dangerous here. It strikes me that there are only two ways to write historical plays. One is Shakespeare's, the other is Shaw's. Either way may be perfectly satisfactory, but no combination of them ever quite turns the trick. Shakespeare's way is to make his characters as "historical" as possible; there is no attempt whatever to dress them, move them about, or let them talk like ordinary people. They are without exception inflated to the limit—filled to bursting with heroic sentiments, inordinate angers, or abject and grotesque fears. It is the naive way, and since it satisfies one kind of expectation which we can have, it is a good way. Shaw's way is not to be "historical" at all, but, throwing trumpery aside, to deal with his personages as if they lived yesterday and remained wholly comprehensible. He then attacks them with his intelligence purely, bringing to bear upon their lives whatever information he may have about human beings in general and subjecting them to the same level scrutiny that he directs at his contemporaries, God save them. That is a good way, too, though to my mind it would be meaningless to call it better than Shakespeare's.

Extremes cannot be compared, as they cannot meet. Mr. Anderson has tried to make them meet in "Elizabeth the Queen." He has tried to be both heroic and intelligent. It cannot be done. The audience remains a little confused, I think, as to how it ought to feel, a little bewildered by this attempt to make historical personages real. The better way, I suspect, is to leave them the puppets that they are—or, if Shaw were writing, that they might be.

MARK VAN DOREN

Miss Jane Cowl's production of "Twelfth Night" (Maxine Elliott), because it presents the play as an out-and-out fantasy, with no attempt to make it realistic comedy, is as delightful as it is disarming. Miss Cowl herself, as Viola, is very frank and touching, and Raymond Sovey's ingenious settings, which make scene-shifting a matter of seconds, contribute much to a fresh and beautiful performance.

D. V. D.

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### DISCUSSION AND LECTURES

"Is Divorce a Social Asset?"—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.
"Is Religion Necessary?" Debate: Clarence Darrow vs. Dr. Nathan Krass, Saturday evening, Nov. 15—Mecca Temple—55 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
"Revolt of Labor," by Prof. Scott Nearing—Auditorium—150 W. 85 St. Tuesday evening, Nov. 18 at 8:30.
"Science and the Human Outlook"—Prof. Julian Huxley, Y.M.H.A.—Lexington Ave. and 92 St., Sunday evening, Nov. 16 at 8:30.
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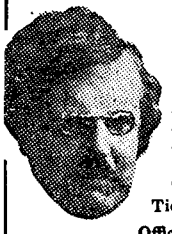

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# Canada, Armaments, and Peace

By ARTHUR MORGAN

THE strength of Canada's permanent active militia is limited by Act of Parliament to 10,000 of all ranks; in actual fact it totals at present less than 3,700. The appropriation for 1929 was $11,856,305, which included the upkeep of the Royal Military College, the Topographical Survey, and a number of special services. The Royal Canadian Navy is composed of two destroyers and four minesweepers. There are two naval bases and a total permanent staff of 94 officers and 616 ratings. There is, finally, a Naval Reserve and a Naval Volunteer Reserve of 140 officers and 1,360 men. It was in the air that Canadians made the most outstanding success during the World War. Today the Permanent Royal Canadian Air Force is staffed by 87 officers and 581 men. Canada makes no contribution in money or men to the armed forces of Great Britain.

In summary it may be said that Canada is as nearly disarmed as it is possible for any country to be short of the complete abolition of military and naval forces. The standing army in the Dominion today is smaller than it was in 1800. No nation of comparable size in the world has so small a military establishment. Even Denmark, famous for its pacifistic ideals, has an army of 12,000 men, although the population is only one-third that of Canada.

There are, within Canada, two highly divergent opinions with respect to this situation. It is apparent that the majority of Canadians are satisfied with matters as they are. On the other hand, there is a consistently vocal section of the public which will not be satisfied until Canada contributes "her fair share to the defense of the Empire." This imperialistic group advocates either the making of contributions to the British defense appropriation or the building up by Canada itself of a military and naval establishment proportionate to her strength, to be organized and fitted into the British program in the event of war. To those who support this argument it is very clear that Canada at present is deriving the benefits of British protection while refusing to aid the tremendously burdened British taxpayer to pay for it.

On the face of it this imperialistic argument is sound. Its opponents, however, do not hesitate to assail it. The argument, they declare, is based on two false presumptions: first, that Canada needs or wants the protection of the British forces or that that protection would be of any use; and second, that as a part of the Empire Canada is proportionately responsible for its defense. On this belief the policy of Canada has of recent years been founded. It is seldom stated so bluntly and directly but it is high time that it should be acknowledged.

Canada does not need or desire the protection of Great Britain, nor would that protection be of any considerable practical value. In the first place, Canada has never in her history provoked a war and there is no likelihood of her doing so. The only wars in which Canada has been engaged have resulted from her connection with Great Britain. In the event of war British protection would be of little value. Only one country in the world could actually conquer the Dominion, that is, the United States. Canada is too easily defended to suffer conquest from either seacoast An attack in the west would result in the destruction or seizure of Vancouver, Victoria, and Prince Rupert. In the east the Maritime Provinces could be overrun and part of Quebec. The remainder of the Dominion would be comparatively safe and communication with the United States would not be interrupted. Supplies of food and munitions could be imported without the slightest difficulty or danger of interruption. Canada could withstand such attacks for an indefinite period. Moreover, every Canadian knows, although few of them would admit it, that the United States would not stand idly by and allow an invasion of the Dominion. The Monroe Doctrine would bring about instant intervention. Canada, therefore, is absolutely safe from attack, unless that attack comes from her southern neighbor, when British assistance would be useless.

The United States could paralyze the industry of Ontario without sending her troops off United States soil, by the simple expedient of destroying the Canadian powerhouses at Niagara. Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver could be captured in a week, Winnipeg in a fortnight. There could be no defense. Even if the British navy, based on Halifax, could defend the east coast, the remainder of the Dominion would be completely overrun. British troops could not be transported to Canada in time or in sufficient numbers to influence the result in any material way. In 1812 Canada could and did defend herself against the forces of the United States. But the success of 1812 cannot be reenacted in 1930.

What of the duty which Canada, as a part of the Empire, owes to the mother-country and the other dominions? Those who assert that such a duty does in fact exist declare that Britain defended Canada when the latter was weak and small, and that Canada, having received in the past and receiving now the benefits of Empire partnership, must contribute to Empire defense. Here again the critics will admit no validity in the basic assumption. The opponents of imperialism assert that far from Britain ever having protected Canada, the only international troubles that ever afflicted the Dominion grew out of the British connection. The American invasions in 1776-78 resulted from American hostility to Great Britain; the war of 1812 was fought on the Canadian border because Canada was owned by Britain; in the raids of 1837-38, the Fenian raids of 1866-70, the South African War, and the World War Canada suffered because of her relation to Great Britain.

In the past Canada has had no control over British foreign policy, and even today if Britain goes to war as a result of European, Asiatic, or African entanglements, Canada will also be involved although the Dominion may have known nothing of the cause and have no interests involved. Why should Canada be expected to defend the Empire when British diplomacy blunders into war? If Canadians could be assured that all British wars would be true wars

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defense, this attitude could hardly be justified. But there n be no such assurance. British history does not support y such assumption. Britain is no more and no less virtu- s than any other powerful state. Above all, Canada's ntribution in the World War—in which as an independent tion she would probably never have become involved— as more than sufficient to cancel any supposed obligation r British aid in the past.

Far from being willing to take a larger share of sponsibility for defending the Empire, the majority of anadians are tending toward an insistence upon the "legal ipossibility" that Canada may, if she so desires, remain at ace even when the Empire is at war. So many other mpossibilities" of this sort have been achieved in the recent story of the British Empire that it may well be assumed at this step also will soon be taken.


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**Wednesday, Nov. 19**
PROFESSOR ROBERT VAN NARDROFF
Classical Mechanics
"Kinematics: Euclidean Space and Time."

**Thursday, Nov. 20**
DR. E. G. SPAULDING
The Development of Philosophy in Relation to Its Environment.
"Transcendence and Perfection: Plato."

**Saturday, Nov. 22**
DR. RICHARD McKEON
Ethics Old and New
"Augustine and Thomas Aquinas: Grace and Good Work."

The Teachers Union
*announces a public meeting*
to be addressed by
**PROF. REINHOLD NIEBUHR**
on
**THE SOCIAL and POLITICAL SITUATION IN GERMANY**
on Friday, November 14, 1930, at 8:15 P. M.
at 2 West 64th Street, New York.

Readers of *The Nation* will remember Professor Niebuhr's article on Germany in *The Nation* of October 1st.

## BALL

ANNUAL BALL
**ROAD TO FREEDOM**
**Thanksgiving Eve., Nov. 26th**
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119 East 11th Street
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